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FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 12, 1889

[PRICE ONE PRINE.



["WILL YOU LET THIS HAND OF YOURS BE THE GIFT ENTITLING ME TO SEEK LORD LESMOND'S INTERESTS AS MY OWN?"]

EILEEN'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VI.

Navez was preconceived idea of a stranger more mistaken than proved Eileen's fancy portrait of Henry Marsden, her father's creditor, and possibly the intruder expelled years before from Desmondville. Eileen had imagined him a rough, ill-mannered man—loud wired. imagined him a rough, ill-mannered man—loud voiced and offensive in face and gesture. Her astonishment was great when Lord Desmond presented to her a tall, slim, thin figure clad in irreproachable broad cloth, whose hands were at white and shapely as her father's, and whose easy bearing and courteous smile were utterly unlike her expectations.

malike her expectations.

But for that terrible revelation Eileen might have fancied Mr. Marsden some old friend and boon companion of Lord Desmond's youth, who had suddenly claimed a few days' hospitality.

the introduction, and seeing Mr. Marsden's hand ready was obliged, perforce, to offer her

She noticed then that his eyes steadily avoided hers. Whether it was some actual defect of vision or merely habit, Mr. Marsden never looked the person he spoke to in the

Eileen remarked, as she grew to know him better, that this was one of his most striking peculiarities. He would watch anyone most stealthly when unobserved, as though he wished to read their inmost thoughts; but he wished to read their inmost thoughts; but he never by any chance suffered his eyes to meet theirs. For the rest he was not bad looking. He was dark, and his skin had an olive tint rarely seen in England; his eyes were black, and very prominent; his teeth of a marvellous whiteness, while his nose had just sufficient of a hook about it to inspire the idea of

boon companion of Lord Demond's youth, who had suddenly claimed a few days' hospitality.

It was difficult to believe he was only here to exact a debt. And then the girl's bewildered thoughts had to be banished as she replied to

for whom she had been prepared, might, after after all, have proved less dangerous than this crafty man of the world, with his polished address and cutward courtesy.
She had but a moment of his company before he was carried off by his host to dress for dinner. It seemed to Eileen his toilet must

dinner. It seemed to Eileen his toilet must have been rapid, so soon did he return to the drawing room. Lord Desmond never hurried, so they were perforce tête-à-tête.

"Did you have a pleasant journey?" asked the girl, feeling herself bound to talk, and yet knowing of no subject suitable, and longing the while to tell him that though to pay a thousand pounds was simply impossible, she would strain every nerve to pay a portion of the debt if he would only go away and leave them in peace.

them in peace.
"Dull enough!" returned Mr. Marsden;
but luckily not a very long one. I only came
from York."
"I thought I had heard you lived in Lon-

don?"

"I don't live anywhere, my dear young lady. It is only noblemen with ancestral homes who care," he said, "to 'live.' I have



chambers in the Temple; but I am rarely six months in one place. My life is a busy one, and I have no one belonging to me to induce me to settle down."

She winced at the allusion to nobleman's ancestral seats, which was precisely what he

intended.

"I am very fond of Yorkshire," said Eileen, slowly, When I lived at Bonlogne I was always wishing to come to England; but I never

**Mean to England; but I never knew how beautiful it really was!"

"Boulogne is a nice place," said Maraden, affably, "in fact, I should prefer it to Yorkshire. I think you were there some waars. Miss Desmond?"

years, Miss Desmond?

" Fifteen," said Eileen, simply. "Indee France is my native country. I was born in Normandy.

Mr. Marsden shook his head.

"That's a missake, I assure you. You must claim Germany, and not France, as your native land, Miss Desmond. You were born at Hamburg."

" How can you possibly know?"

"I was staying there at the time. Indee it was the year of your birth which introduc Indeed me to your father. Desmond was a fame fellow in those days, and we soon became to

An impression saized Eileen that he was deceiving her. It had been impressed on her from childhood that she was born in Note

mandy.

Her father had a marked dielike to any Her father had a marked dislike to anything German — declared always nothing would induce him even to whit any part of the great empire. It is made perfectly increable that he should a stally have spent a month at Hamburg. She was not skilled at someonement. Marsden, who was ratching her closely, read her thoughts.

"You don't wa, Miss Dasmend. Askyour father if I am mistaking on rather do not ask him, for the memory of them German days is very painful to him. Even new he would gladly forget them."

gladly forget them."
"Did my mother die there?"

Mariden shook his broad.
"She died in Normandy, where your father removed very soon after " he paused, and then added, rather tamely your arrival in this lower world."

"And you have known papa eighteen years! How strange I never heard of you until to

day?"
"Not in the least. People rarely speak of those connected with painful subjects; and perhaps, I need not tell you there was a dis-cordant element in my intercourse with your

"He told me he owed you a thousand pounds," said Eileen, bluntly, "and that unless he paid it in a month he would be ruined. Mr. Marsden, if I could get the money for you by working my fingers to the bone, you should by working my nights of the one, you should be paid in full; but we are poor power far than many cottagers, and there is no way of raising over a quarter of the debt. If you have no mercy you will have to do your worst. It is that we will not pay you, but simply that we cannot.

Marsden advanced a step nearer. She stood with clasped hunds, the flush of excitement on her cheeks, her eyes bright with tagarness the very picture of a creature terribly in

earnest.

He had seen many a professional beauty, but he had never admired any woman as he did this alight, helpless girl, who owned her father's fate was completely in his power, and yet-made no appeal to him for pity; but just stated the simple truth—they could not pay.

"Miss Desmond," said the stranger,

smoothly, "I think you do me a great injus-tice; but it is possible, your father may have represented me in a false light. It is true, unfortunately, that there have been pecuinary transactions between us, and that Lord Des mend is my debtor to a large amount. I have asked him for a settlement—a fair statement of what I may expect; but I never dreamed of his troubling you in the matter. I should be glad of the money, I confess, but I would rather sacrifies my remaining capital than re-ceive a sixpence that had been won by toil of yours. Believe me, I am here not as your father's enemy, but his friend !" "But he thinks you mean to ruin him—he

"Men often use strong language. to Lord Desmond it was time something was settled, and that I should like to come here and talk things over, but I never put such a word as 'rnin in my letter.

"And you will be merciful?"
Again his eyes did not meet hers. He looked on the ground as he said, in his soft

"I promise you, Miss Desmond, I will never ask your father for anything not in his power to bestow. I will never urga my claim upon him if he treats me fairly, and I

prosperity."

"He wood of you!" The sweet violat eyes were mised to his face through a mist of teass.

"And do you know I have been thinking you an anomy."

"And do you know I have been thinking you an enough?"

"Never think to again."

"Never think to again."

Lord Desmond appeared, and Tury annoused dinner. Eileen sat opposite her father, and tried to realize her need for anxiety was over; but, strongs percertify though she had at earner to be obtained, she could not be able to ask of the conversation much less join to it. Her had so hed with relatives force, and the wangled when the time some that she could realize the same.

glad when the time one that the could rake he compe.

"Send us notice to him Elleen," and Lond Demond, as she passed his chair. "I have a great deal to distract with Mr. Mars len."

Elleen was but too thankful to be spread further execution. She swallowed the cure of tea beaught to be in the drawing room, and crept into bed, fairly own out in body as mind. It want he receipt that follows great excitencest. She had gone through enough that day to try a stranger frame, and as she said her poor wears head on the pillou he girl's last though was the anrely her father would not longer be angry at her retual to write to fady May when he knew Mr. Marsden did not mean to be obtained.

Left alsum as the diming room the great daw him shaumeres to his hoats, but for a little white meisher up, then spokes. Lord Demond to hed a coward. He might tyrannise over creatures weaker than himself, but he was de nearly afraid of two people, and one of them was his so-called friend, Henry Marsden.

"Well."

"Well."

This monysyllable came from the guest This monysyllable came from the guest.
It was put in a half-inquiring, half authoritative fashion. Lord Desmond drained off a
glass of claret, and said slowly,—
"What do you want?"

"Sarely you have forgotten manners, my dear friend, during our long separation. That is not a polite question to put to your guest?"

"I can't stay to measure my words. in your power. I don't need you to tell me that a word from you can ruin me utterly. The question is, do you mean to speak it?"
"That depends entirely upon circumstance

It seems you have invented a charming table concerning me, and told your daughter you owe me a thousand pounds."

You are always writing to me for money," returned Lord Desmond. "You never named any special amount, but I believed if I could only laise a good round sum, you might take

it and leave me in peace."
"My dear Lord Desmend, your ingenuity
does you credit. I confess I think the bribe oes you credit. I confess I think the bribe of a thousand pounds might have freed you from my present visit and future acquaintance, had I received it before I reached Desmondville; but—"
"It might be raised," said Lord Desmond, whose belief in impossibilities was wonderful.

"I could strain every nerve to get it if you would take it and go."
"I would have accepted your conditions gladly," said Mr. Marsden, "had you only suggested them before I entered your house; but I should not take five thousand now as the price of my silence!"

Lord Desmond looked bewildered.

"You are not likely to be tried," he returned sarcastically. "Five thousand pounds is a bribe that won't come in your way from me at any rate !

The great smiled. He was a man who rarely showed ill-humour. He never forgot a grudge, but stored its memory to be repaid with interest when convenient; but outwardly he seemed one of the most patient and long sufferiog of mortals.

"Five thousand pounds means a good deal," he admitted slowly; "but money is

ot everything!"
"It will buy everything!"
"Not quite. You thought so no doubt at Hamburg, or you would hardly have

"Hush!" oried Desmond, growing white

"Hush!" cried Desmond, growing white with fear. "Have you no meroy, na nity in you nature? Cannot you let that miserable after rest now after all these years?"

"Have you forgotten it?"

"No," said the wretshed man, slewly, "I have not; if to live as shough with a sword toge anded over once head, if to be haunted by our never coasing fear, if to see dadger in every greature a face of life he explains, why them I have atomed for the past a shundred thans, for this has been my portion ever

"My merne, it equal to you own,"

"Mo memory in qual to your own,"
rest and darden; in fant, it goe even
further back. A year or more both that
time at Hamburg I was happy if such a
thing is possible. I had your, it such a
thing is possible. I had your,
the further was a gaged to the count, the
further was a gaged to the count, the
further was not my task? Pleased the miserboth man. "We loved cannother. She
would never have manufacture. When she
entered your house as governess to your child.
She was any promised wife. I don't say she loved
me as I did her, but she was a good girl. She
would now have they word. I was a clerk with
we handered ayear; the was the portionless
child of an officer. I appose, according to
your views I was not her equal, but her
friends considered it a suitable provision for
her, and I loved her with my whole heart. her, and I loved her with my whole heart. What was the result? A few months after she accepted the situation I always hated she married you, a worthless man of the world, who could offer her only the wreck of a life, and the contempt and hatred of your fine all that was good in me died when I lost her. I had but one thought, one desire revenge !"

I suppose it was hard on you," admitted Lord Desmond gradgingly, "but you cannot deny she loved me. She would not have been happy away from me."

"Was she happy with you? Did not your extravagance, and reckless habits rob her of the common conforts of life? Was not her heart the common comforts of life? Was not her heart broken by the cruel slights hesped on her by your kindred? I never saw her after your marriage, but I kept on the track. It was easy to become attached to a branch office in the very German town where you were staying. It was not difficult to scrape acquaintance with you, and in time to become your favourite associate. I let you win my hard-garned money at cards, but all this time I was waiting and biding my time. Already I saw you in desperate need of money. I only needed to remark on two accomplishments you possessed to wonder that. In your poverty, you did not to wonder that, in your poverty, you did not make use of them. Oh I I baited my hook skilfully, and I succeeded."

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Most people must have pitied Noel Desmond, he winced at every fresh taunt as though, each were a blow. He looked a hopeless, premisture, old broken down man, man, and yet he did not raise his voice to speak one word in his own defence—he simply could not.

"You were caught in the toils," went on Marsden, hitterly. "I had laid my plan well; you could not seespe. The heir of an English barony was in danger of a felon's dock."

"It was for her." mustered Noel Desmond brokenly. "You know it was for her."

"You thought so, but I believe you would have acted just the same had she not been in existence. Well, I had succeeded. You were in my power. You had been expelled from the olub on account of the marvellous knack you

olub on account of the marvellous knack you possessed of securing the king in your hand at earth. That was disgrace enough. No better class Englishman would speak to you, and the Germans to a man cut you, but my vengeance

class Englishman would speak to you, and the Germans to a man out you but my vengeance was not complete."

"Have pity." urged Lord Desmond brokenly, "have pity." Did you have pity when you devised the cruel scheme of robbing me of my hardearned savings? Don't you know that but for the junior partner chaocing to see the cheque you drew so shiffully, every penny of my little heard would have gone into your pockete? He had his doubts—said nothing, like a wise man, but came round to me, the fatal paper in his hand. You may hold your head high, Lord Desmond, and boast of your descens from a long line of nobles; but there are two darkspots in your past, history, and I can put my fuger on them both. You were expelled from a fashionable club for card charping, and but for my foolish chemendy, you would have stood in a felon's dook on a charge of forgery."

Lord Desmond shivered. He looked 'round-terrously, as though he feared the walls had "You were and he walls had are."

"You need not be anxious," said Marsdan hiterly. "Your servants are far away in their own part of the house; your daughter is in bed. You and I are alone. You have evaded this matter long enough, To night we will have it out, and call things by plain necess." "I can't use you are injured," said Lord Desmond, rallying. "After all, I never had a penny of your money!"

"I came over here and told my story to your father," interrupted Maraden. "He had me hunted from hit door like a thief, but he would not deny the truth of my story. I

would not deny the truth of my story. I showed him my proofs—those proofs I hold I to this day."

"They can be of no use to you now," said his victim, eagerly. "No jury in the world would believe such a story after twenty years had passed."

had passed."

Henry Marsden smiled.

"If you think so, if you indeed believe my proofs of no value, why are you so easer to get them into your possession? Why again and again have you saked me to put a price on them, even estimating them—if I am to judge by the story you teld Miss Desmond—at a thousand pounde?"

"It would be bad for the girls if the story got abroad. No one would believe is, but yet it might cast a slur upon their name?

"Is your elder daughter married? The girl who has been away from her father's house as though the company of her step-mother was descoration?"

"No."

no need to fear him, and that he did not be-lieve a creature in England knew my story but myself. He-paid Mande a great deal of attention: I half hoped something would come of it."

come of it."

Mareden smiled sardonically.

"His love would not stand the test, my dear fellow. Seeing he knew everything, how could you expect it?"

"It would have been a relief."

'Then you are disposed to part with your daughters—on advantageous terms, of course?"

course ?

"I shall be glad to see them married. I believe her mother's family would see to Maude but Eileen has not a relation in the world. When I die this house and everything in it goes to a stranger, and the child will be penniless."

"As her mother was before here Helen was

"As her mother was before her. Helen was educated in a charity school, and taught to earn her own living as a governess. I don't suppose you have given her child even such help for her future?"

Lord Desmond shook his head.
"I have always kept her with me,"
"She is very fond of you?"
"Very," returned Lord Desmond, equably.
"Eileen and I are just the world to each other."

other."

"And people call life fair," said Marsden, sconfully. "What have you done to win the love of two such women. Your second wife worshipped you; I can see her child would lay down life itself for you. What have you done to meritit? You, whose days have been one long idleness, who never in your life did one stroke of honest work? I, who have toiled from hophood, who have risen early and worked late; I who have never owed a penny I could not pay, nor esten a ornet I had not earned, surely, I am more deserving than you, yet no woman's love was ever mine? I have lived to forty-two without ever being necessary to another's happiness."

I suppose that is your own fault. You

"I suppose that is your own fault. You might have married had you pleased."
"I suppose so; but the one creature I desired was stolen from me. I gave myself to work, then, work and revenge. Well, both work, then—work and revenge. Well, both have prospered. I believe I am richer now than many men born, to inheris fortunes, and my vengeance if deferred is sure."

Lord Desmond fidgeted uneasily.

"I wish you would say what you mean," he argued, quernlously, "Let me understand what I have to expect? So much I have right

"I am not quite sure myself."
Lord Desmond stared.
"You hate me? Of course I knew it before, but to night you have put it in the plainest language. Well, seeing that you hate me, what pleasure can there be to you in staying in my house?"

Marada muled.

Maraden smiled.

"Oh, I was born of the people, you know, and it may be an honour to me to have the power to say I visited a nobleman. They I may have a love of antiquities, with which this region abounds."

"You do not deceive me. You are not the man to come to the north of Yorkshire in November without some special object; neither would you stay here unless it suited

"If your elder daughter married? The girl who has been away from her father's house as though the company of her stepmother was descration?"

"Spoken like a book," said Maraden, sarcastically, "Resilly, Lord Desmond, your knowledge of character does you credit. Know, then, I am here because it pleases myselt, and I shall stay here so long as it continues to do so; but I will make you one promise—and I becauty, and rastor hard to please. She deserves a good position."

"And, this little story will help her to one. I will give up those papers you know of, and having a very gay time."

I don't believe that same young banker-is in England. No doubt his memory would go back twenty years, and confirm my story."

"I don't believe it?" oried Lord Desmond, failly roused." If a man, and not a faild, I met him once, and instead of taunting means you have done, he told me I had.

ter of the Desmonds enjoyed slumber as calm

and refreshing as though she was not sur-rounded by a sea of troubles.

All things look brighter and fairer to us when seen in the morning light, and by the time she had fuished dressing Eileen was quite cheerful.

quise cheerful.

Her father's anger and cruel proposal yesterday had been due to his anxiety.

Mr. Marsden had promised to ask no terms that could not be complied with, and seemed a gentlemanly person, easily entertained, so that the present trials were smoothed; and as for that other sorrow, more personal and keen, that Basil Courteney must marry an heiress, or break his parents' heart—well, he must have known that when he asked Eileen to be his wife, and if he loved her well enough to think her poor little hand worth more than all the good things an heiress could bring, why, it would be ungrateful indeed for her to send him away. Besides, three years must pass before he claimed her If his love stood that test, surely she might trust it to stand all time!

It makes a lovely day. That much maligned month November is not all fog and gloom, There are some days when the sun rivals October in its blue seronity, and the air is soft and balmy-no colder than makes one's cheeks

glow, and a walk delightful.

Dressed in her plain black serge Eileeulooked a different creature from the brilliant
vision who had received Henry Mursden the
night before; but though there was no one to tell her so, in her simple morning attire she tell her so, in her simple morning attire she was even more strikingly like her mother. The soft clinging woollen gown, the plain straw hat and big fur cape were just what Helenmighs have worn in the days when she was a pupil teacher at the institution for officers' daughters, and the fance of the young clerk.

As Henry Marsdon, standing leaning against the gate, saw her come quietly down the drives a pang smote him—she looked so like his lost-love.

He was not a good man. There were many dark pages in his life, but he had suffered much. He had staked his all on one prize, a woman's heart. That was stolen from him. He did not go "to the dogs," as the phease is; he did not become dissolute, reckless, or a spendthrift.

Outwardly his character seemed little changed, but his meral nature had received a warp, from which it never recovered. He lived henceforward, as he told Lord Desmend,

for two things—work and revenge.

From the moment he heard of his loct love's death he never gave a kindly thought to any creature, until now, long years after, he stood face to face with her child.

"You are out early, Miss Desmond?"
"I generally come for a walk before breakfast. I like to walk down here and meet the postman."

"Ab, you have a large correspondence, no doubt Young ladies mostly have, and you must have left a great many girl-friends in

"I never had a girl-friend in my life till I came here, and my one correspondent is my

"And she is the girl friend?"

"I never think of Maude as a girl," said Eileen, soberly. "She is so wise; and prudent, though she looks just like a child, she is so tiny. My one friend is Lady May Delaval. She lives

Maraden smiled.

Maraden smiled.

"It must be very dull for you."

"You see," said Eileen, practically, "being poor is very tiresome. Abroad I did not seem to mind. It was quite a natural thing, but here in this beautiful old house, and with rich people all round, one does think a little money would be nice!"

"A good deal would be nice?"

"A good deal would be nice."

"I should not care to be very rich," returned Eileen, quietly. "One would never get used to it. I should like to be able to pay "One would never everyone-even you, Mr. Mareden-and to be able to keep a pony-carriage."

"You are very moderate. Most young ladies aspire to a great deal more. Jewels, horses, epera-box, diamonds, town-house and country mansion. They look on all as their right." right.

Eileen shook her head.

"Maude wants all those, and I think she would do credit to them; but I am different. She says I shall never be a proper young lady. Mr. Marsden, you said last night you had known papa more than eighteen years. Did you ever see my mother?

Why?

"I don't know. Maude sneers at her, and it hurts me so. There is a strange old woman who lives at the Lodge who remembers mamma. She says she saw her married. She always speaks of her as an angel. I can't explain it to you, but it comforts me. I have no recollection of my mother, but I like to think of her as good and true."
"She was an angel," said Marsden, gravely.

"She was an angel," said Marsden, gravely.
"I have seen her, and I assure you of that. Never believe one word against your mother. knew her well, and I tell you she was a lady—a pure, unselfish soul. She had but one fault—her affections were stronger than all else. She loved your father, and she married him against the entreaties of every friend she had.

"But it would not have been love if she had not!" said Eileen, slowly. "Love that would yield to other people's persuasions could not be worth much."

Marsden looked thoughtful.

"Who is the woman you were speaking of?" he asked, abruptly. "An old servant?"

"Oh, dear, no. She is more like a tenant than a servant. She came in my grand-father's time, and paid a heavy rent to be allowed to live in the Lodge. She is a great mystery to most people."
"Do you mean she is a lady?"

"No; but she is not a working person. She
is very, very old—past eighty, and has plenty
of money, yet she chooses to live in this
lenely cottage, and actually opens the gates
for people herself if her little maid is not about. She is quite an eyesore to my sister, who is always begging papa to get rid of her. Not that that is feasible, for we are too poor to give up fifty pounds a-year."

"Is it possible you mean Mrs. Venn?"

"That is her name. How did you find it

"Old Venn was a partner in the firm where was a clerk for years. He married when he was turned sixty, to the horror of his family. However, he was in his sound mind, so they could do nothing. Of course they abused the bride plentifully. She was quite an old woman. Had been half over the world, and was said to have had a remarkable history."

Did von know her ?

"I never spoke to her but oncegive you the particulars. There was someone I knew in whom she took a great interest. She wanted to help this person with money, and feared, if offered in her own name, it would be refused."

"And did you help her?"

"I solved the difficulty by wrapping it up into a small parcel so carefully no one could discover the contents, and getting our porter to leave it at the house. I know Mrs. Venn was vary grateful. How wonderful she should be living here!" "Is she mad?"

"Not the least in the world. She is eccentric. I think she did a cruel wrong to someone in her younger days, and has been striving ever since to put it right. It's a strange thing to say of anyone in this nine-teenth century, but I think it's true."

"Would you like to come with me to see

her?

"By no means. I have no real acquaint-ance with her. She left Germany on old Venn's death, and I have never met her since.

"And the person she tried to help, did they get the money? His lip ourled. Was it of use?

"The wife for whose sake it had been sent, and who was dying slowly of privation, never saw it. The husband squandered it that very night at écarte."

Eileen shuddered.
"How awful!"

They walked back to the house together, and Eileen decided her enforced guest was a quiet, pleasant-spoken man.

How he possibly could have been induced to lend her father a thousand pounds still seemed a mystery, and how he was to be repaid continued a problem; but he had pro-mised not to use hard measures, and so poor Eileen strove to be content, and to dismiss

A week passed on, and Mr. Marsden continued at Desmondville, nor had anything been said respecting his departure.

He was not a troublesome guest, and, in spite of Lord Desmond's grand preparations for his comfort, seemed easily pleased.

He often met Eileen in her early morning walk. From breakfast to lunch he was shut up in his own sitting room writing; in the afternoon he was again on her hands, and the strangest thing about him was that, though professedly Lord Desmond's friend and visi-tor, he never seemed to seek his companionahip or society.

"Do you think Mr. Marsden will stay much

longer?" asked Eileen one morning, while she was alone with her father.

It was astonishing how rare their tite 4 titles had become of late. It almost seemed to the poor child that Lord Desmond purposely avoided her. Since her refusal to write and ask May Delaval for money he had never recovered his old fondness for her company. He was kind and affectionate to her before their guest, but in private he rarely spoke. He looked up irritably.

"I can't send him away, child. Why should ou mind his being here? He seems quiet and

inoffensive !

The girl put one arm round her father's ock. Eileen had all a child's caressing grace of manner.

"Papa, why are you so vexed with me? I never asked you to send Mr. Marsden away. I only wanted to know how long he was likely to stay?"
"I have no idea."

"Do you think it will be another week?"

"I don't know.

" Is he waiting for the money?"

"Why—has he said anything to you?"
"Not since the first night he came. said then he would never press you hardly, or ask for anything you could not bestow."

Lord Desmond's brow cleared as by magic. "Did he really say that?"
"Yes, and I think he meant it."

"He always means what he says. Y

"Quite sure."
"Heaven bless you, child! You don't know
the load you have taken from my mind."
"But, papa, didn't he speak to you about

"He only said before he left he would propose terms. How could I tell they would be such as I could meet?"

Tony put his head in at this moment. An old servant, he did not stand on oeremony.
"Miss Eileen, there's Mrs. Venn's little

maid come up in a great taking. She says her mistress wants to see you right away."

"Impertinence!" muttered Lord Desmond, irritably, but Eileen rose at once.

"Mrs. Venn would not send such a message as that without some good reason. I will go down to the Lodge at once. I feel sure something must be the matter."

But even Eileen felt indignant when she found all as usual at the South Lodge, and Mrs. Venn a picture of comfort, sitting by the fire peeling apples. She felt as if she had been decoyed there on false pretences, and said so, frankly.

"I'm well enough," said Mrs. Venn. "I never sent word I was ill. I wanted to see you right away. That was the message, Perhaps that stupid girl altered it."

Eileen confessed it had been delivered verbatim, and remembering Mrs. Venn's age, soon recovered her good-temper. Sitting down by her hostess she asked what was the real cause of her summons.

"Is it true that Henry Marsden is staying

with you?

Quite true. He would have come to see you, but he thought you might not care about

"I don't want to see him. He told you he knew me, then? It must be many a year since he saw me.

"Yes. He said he met you in Co.
Mrs. Venn returned to the charge.
"Why is he staying with you?"
"Really," said Eileen, drawing herself up.
aughtily, "we have a right to choose our haughtily,

haughtily, "we have a right to choose our own guestel" "Your father's given up the right if he's asked Henry Marsden to break bread with him. Why, child, they are sworn foes! Never was a more bitter hatred than that young Marsden felt for him. Child, child, be careful! Men don't change their natures. If ever two hated each other those two did, and it pleases them to seem friends there's

ever two hated each other those two did, and if it pleases them to seem friends there's some ill reason for it."

"Hush!" said Eileen. "I will hear nothing against my father. You ought not to try to make me!"

"I don't!" said the old woman, stoutly.

"I am eighty turned, and I know life better than you do. I sent for you to warn you. No good can come of any intimacy between your father and Marsden."

"Is he so wicked?"
"Young Marsden?" forgetting he was fortytwo. "No. He is no worse than other people; but he has bitter cause to hate your father! Oh! child, don't trust him! Doubt him even when he speaks fairest! Avoid him as you would avoid a serpent! Shun him as though he had the pestilence!"

"He has never harmed me," said Eileen,

"He has never harmed me," said Eileen, quietly. "On the contrary, my father owes him a large sum of money; and he has been most kind and patient in waiting for it. I can't be ungrateful!"

Mrs. Venn looked troubled. Indeed, her face was so really sad that, in spite of Eileen's scorn of the warning, she believed thoroughly it was given in good faith.

"Listen!" said the old woman, suddenly. "I've got eyes in my head, though I'm eighty turned. That young gentleman who stayed at the Court, and was always coming over to see your father—he as rode over so often with Lady May—isn't he your lover?"

The crimson cheeks made all answer needless.

Mrs. Venn went on .-

"He came over one day when you were at the Court. He rode through the gates as blithe and gay as a bird; an hour later he came back gloomy, grave, and silent. I may be turned eighty, but I know the world. Mr. Real head hear to ask Lord Desmend for his be turned eighty, but I know the world. Mr. Basil had been to ask Lord Desmond for his daughter, and been refused. Oh, I understood it all. Then you came back, quiet and sad, just like a little white ghost; and you were always down at the gate watching for the postman. Miss Eileen, I tall you I know it all as well as though you'd told me; and I beg

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you, for his sake, the sake of the man who loves you, beware of Henry Marsden!"

Eileen looked down then, and sobbed as though her very heart would break.

"Eh, my dearie!" said the old woman, with kind it simple pity. "Oh, my dearie! love's a good gift, but it brings a many sorrows with it. If you've fixed your heart on Mr. Courtensy, there's a deal of trouble in store for you; but take my warning—and Heaven grant I've given it in time!—beware of Henry Marsden!"

Eileen dried her team

Eileen dried her tears.

"If you would only speak plainly, so that I could understand! Even if you are right about my feelings, what has Mr. Maraden to do with them? Is he an enemy of Mr. Courtenay's?"

"He never saw him. My dear. I can't help

"He never saw him. My dear, I can't help you better. I've said my say. Maybe you'll take my advice, maybe not. Perhaps, too, I've given it too late; but I can't say any more. That's my last word—beware of Henry Marsden !"

Marsden!"
Walking slowly homewards with this strange warning ringing in her ears, it was not pleasant to be suddenly brought face to face with the enconscious object of it.

Henry Marsden was coming straight towards her; she could not avoid meeting him without positive discourtesy.

They had often walked together before without her minding the companionship; but now, with the memory of Mrs. Venn's entreaties vividly before her, it was hard that Mr. Marsden sheuld turn round and propose to accompany her to the house.

"Don't let me disturb your walk," she entreated; "you had only just come out."

"I only came out to find you."

A pause. Eileen felt uncomfortable without knowing why. Marsden went on.

"Do you remember the night of my arrival?"

Parfectly !"

"Perfectly !"

"Perfectly!"

"I promised you then I would never be hard upon your father; that I would never ask him for anything not in his power to bestow."

"You have kept your word. You have been most kind!"

"Will you let me be kinder still? Eileen, will you give me the right to ask Lord Desmond for the only thing I want? Will you let this little hand of yours be the gift entitling me to seek his interests as my own?"

(To be continued.)

In the Flowery Land,—In visiting cards, as in many other things, China was long ages ahead of Europe. So far back as the period of the Tong dynasty (618-907) such cards were in common use in the "Flowery Land." From the earliest times the Chinese have observed the strictest ceremony in regard to the paying of visits, the cards they use being very large and of a red colour.

paying of visits, the cards they disc being very large and of a red colour.

Orion of a Popular Word.—It is not generally known that it was a wise custom in Normandy, established—as Sir Francis Palgrave informs us in his valuable history—by Rollo's decree, that whoever sustained, or feared to sustain, any damage of goods or chattels, life or limb, was entitled to raise the country by the cry of haro, or harou, upon which cry all the lieges were bound to join in pursuit of the offender. Harou! Ha Raoul! Justice invoked in Duke Rollo's name. Whoever failed to aid made fine to the sovereign, whilst a heavier mulot was consistently infloted upon the mocker who raised the clameur de haro without due and sufficient cause, a disturber of the common wealth's tranquillity. The clameur de haro is the English system of bue-and cry. The old English exclamation Harrow!—the national vernacular Hurrah' being only a variation thereof—is identical with the supposed invocation of the Norman chieftain.

BEAMS OF THE SUNSET YEAR.

Osz ficeting beam of waning light In sad December's day; The last leaf tremulous, yet bright,

While dirge-like breezes play. Oh, heart that bleedest o'er thy dead, Be comforted -- be comforted !

The yellowing grasses o'er the lawn,
The cold and ashen skies of morn,
The fleeting moon, the still, sad eve,
Yet seem a lingering, last reprieve,
Ere marble tracery of snow
O'er hedge and moorland nestles low,
And in the glad ingathering
The vintagers shall anthems sing.

Dear faces of the loved and lost, Like angels who our path have crossed But for a while; and then on wings Have mingled with sublimer things, Be with us when the feast is spread. Ye are not dead, but only fled Before us to your native spheres, Why fall, ye idle tears?

In many mansions there is room.
Unfold thy treasure, futile tomb,
And let thy angel captives free—
Feast of the near Nativisy.
Be these, the loved, the lost again
In our dear band—as o'er the plain
The shepherds faithful vigil kept
While all surrounding nature slept;
So when the stars of Yule grow bright,
Be with us by the Yule log's light.

Fallen leaves and withered blooms, And naught but memory, In sunset glow o'er grassy tombs; These yet are left for thee.

Roses and jessamines in tropic wold, And violets and pansies o'er the lawn; Seem they afar? E'en in the winter dawn I see far promise of a dawn of gold !

A DESPERATE DEED.

CHAPTER XXVIII .- (continued.)

THE tall, slender figure in the dull blue jersey silk, which fits so clingingly its perfect proportions, stands near one smaller, slighter—the Countess.

Thefair, patrician face, with its commingled tenderness, passion, pride, is a face to haunt one.

All her golden hair is gathered in a knot on her white neck, and is held in place by a diamond handled dagger—her only ornament. The violet eyes sparkle as she speaks.

"Well?"

Back to the little anxious face beside him came Jimmie's roving gaze.

"You are ten times as pretty!"

"Jimmie!"

She had risen.

Were those really tears of mortification?

"Well, you are!"
"Jimmie!" in saddest approach.
"To me!" supplemented Jimmie.
"Oh!"

And then she turned her happy and ungrateful face from him, and hurried away.
To Lady Iva, Sir Geoffrey and Lionel Curzon paid assiduous attention; but Lord Silverdale had eyes for his wife alone.
He was doubtful if this new departure would

He was doubtful if this new departure would benefit her so much after all.
She looked well —yes, startlingly well.
Her gown of black Chantilly was a marvel of elegance. She had pale, yellowish roses in her dark hair. Her youthful, piquant face was flushed. Her eyes were full of light.

The long, sumptuous dinner was over at

As the ladies rose to leave, Sir Geoffrey Damyn sprang to open the door. Iva was one of the last to pass through.

Iva was one of the last to pass stronge.

Her gown caught on a projecting screen.

He stooped to release the fabric with which
she was already engaged.

As if unintentionally, he laid his hand over

hers. Closely and warmly for half a minute it rested there.

She flashed him a cold, indignant glance as

she detached her dress and passed through.

The gentlemen reseated themselves—sent

Only one had observed the little episode at the door. His handsome brows knit angrily.

"I must teach him his place!" between his teeth vowed Lionel Curzon.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"I've a surprise for you."
Mrs. Trendworth's florid face was full of

" A surprise ! "

Instantly she found herself the centre of a bevy of fair, questioning faces.

The gentlemen had not left the dining-room, from whence came now and then a burst of laughter.

"What is it, Mrs. Trendworth?" asked Mary Dallas.

"What is it, Mrs. Trendworth?" asked Mary Dallas.
"I have found a fortune-teller—a genuine fortune-teller. And she is going to receive you all, one at a time, in the library, and unravel to you the past, present, and future."
"Oh, Mrs. Trendworth!"
"You are always devising something original."
Is she there now?"

original."

"Is she there now?"
Their hostess flung up her hands protestingly as she retreated, laughing.

"One at a time; don't overwhelm me. No, I shan't say who she is or where I found her. All you have to do is to test her ability. Ah! here are the gentlemen."
And then, with much chatter and laughter, the "surprise" was revealed to them.

Tea was served. Over the frail Rose Berri cups the conversation waxed louder and merrier

Iva, standing near the piano, seated herself, softly struck the keys.

The talk did not cease. But then she was not playing for auditors—indeed, hardly playing at all.

Slowly and tenderly the white fingers moved, making a sweet and drowsy melody.

"Lady Iva!"

Without rewains, she lifted her instrum.

Without pausing, she lifted her lustrous

He grew handsomer every day, this goodly

He grew handsomer every day, this goodly young lover of hers.

The first time she had seen him since that awful night in Belgium, he had his scorched hair cropped tightly, his moustache shaved. Now that the former lay thick and wavy over his broad, white forehead, and the latter shaded darkly his fine, firm lips, he certainly looked a rival Geoffrey Damyn might dread.

Did she really care for him at all? Sometimes he feared not. She had not rejected him, to be sure, but neither was he her accepted lover.

"Hang that Damyn!" he said to himself, more emphatically than elegantly.

His infatuation was becoming abominably apparent. Already he had heard several allide to it. It could not be that she was playing him, Lionel Curzon, off against the languid young Baronet. No, she was not that kind of a girl at all. But he grew hot at the very thought.

"Well?"

She was smiling up at him.

"As you left the dining-room to-night I saw
Damyn clasp your hand."

"Well?" again.

There was not the slightest change in the levely, lofty face.

Carson felt himself flushing angrily.
"And you did not resent it?"
His speech, though intense, was low.
Her smile faded, but the starry eyes still steadily met his own.

Not as I resent your accusation."

"Then you mean

He bowed his dark head eagerly forward. " Nothing.

He straightened up.
How cold she was how proud! And yet,
had he ever loved her half so well?
Silence, save for the light and dreamful

The others were all laughing and talking in pleasant, murmurous, well-bred fashion. "Hark!" Nora Dallas cried. "Hear what

Iva is playing. It is Boocherini's Minuet. The voices grew hushed. The musician turned to them a reproachful, smiling face,

but she kept on playing.

That greatest of all old airs, gay and sobbing and quaint and tender!

Still leaning moodily beside her, Lionel listened.

The last chord was struck. The conversation broke out again.

She rose.

"One moment."

It was Gurzon who spoke. She turned inquiringly. Her golden head was held high, her pretty, proud lips very

"Do you care for me at all, Iva?" How miserable he looked !-

She smiled in spite of berself. He brightened hopefully

Say you do, dear - just a little bit !"

" No 2"

He fell back.

The poor fellow! what a doleful face! Her "Not a little bit."

He started Into the pearl-fair cheeks was creeping a flickering bloom. There was mischief lurking around the lovely mouth, in the sparkling

"Do you really mean Iva..."

"Bhe turned her dimpling face over her shoulder as the lightly moved away.

"That I am going to have my fortune told?"

A servant appeared.

worth, disappeared.

She laughingly challenged her gueste:

she waits. Who will dare fate

I (" cried Many Dallas.

They escorted her into the hall. She opened the door of the library, went in

In five minutes she was out again. "Well?" they oried.

"Oh, everything wonderful I am going to gettan important letter and marry a title, and Who next "You, Jimmie," ordained Mrs. Trendworth.

But that young gentleman eiting on the stairs next Nora Dallus, positively declined.

"Please, no! I am having the very best of

a good time. Don't distarb me. I am telling ora's fortune."

The Countess drew back.
"Oh, no!" She glanced at the Earl. "My fortune is told, you know."

So Iva was the next. Some one auggested a return to the drawingroom, but the proposal was unfavourably received. It was so nice and cony and informal

there; so there they stayed. The library door opened.

Iva, blushing and laughing, emerged from

the darkened room. "I shan't tell you what she said! "shaking her head at the expectant group. "It was something very nice indeed, though. Do go in, mamma!"

Why should she not, after all? It was sheer nonsense, of course. But that was why she might as well enter into the fun of the the thing.

" Very well."

She turned, with her hand on the door-knob. "I'll tell you all she says," she declared,

Her past? Dare she risk mention of it? Ah, what foolishness to suppose any clair-

voyant living could speak to her of that!
With a soundless flutter of trailing lace draperies she passed in.

CHAPTER XXX. A SUDDEN nervous tremor took ession of her as she closed the door behind her.

How dark it was how still !

She could hear the merry voices in the hall without, but they sounded as if miles away.

Pahaw! Even little Willie would not be so dismayed. She was as easily frightened as a baby of late.

was impossible to tell anything about the furnishing of the room, so dimly the lights burned in the chandelier; but there was a perfame of hothouse dowers in the air, and the foot sank soundlessly in the thick Axminster carpet.

Where was the fortune teller?

Unaccustomed to the semi-darkness, the Countess could not at first discern her.

Ah, there she was!

At the apper part of the room where a jutting bay window formed an alcove, rat, on a throne-like chair, a diminutive, hooded and cloaked old figure.
On a small table behind her an amber lamp

burnt dully.

With an air of courage the Countess turned towards her, went lightly, almost swiftly, up the room.

It was all play, a jest, probably one of the housemaids dressed up, but she felt a quicker heartbeat all the same.

Well, priestess of the present, the future and the past, what have you to say to me

Silvery rang the clear voice through the quiet room.

The crouching creature before whom she stood did not stir or speak.

My lady wished fervently she had persisted

in her refusal to enter.

Noncense? Of course it was noncense! But the shadowy room, the silence, the cowled form there, all thrilled her with a sensation akin to dread.

" Must I cross your palm with silver?" she began. The fortune-teller checked her.

"I do not want your silver. Stand in the light there. Let me read your countenance."

The tone was hoarse, commanding.
There was not much light anywhere, but the
Countess advanced till the little there was
shone on her face, and the witch like figure was in shadow.

For a minute absolute vilence reigned. The Countess could feel the burning gaze from under the nun's hood fastened upon her. She was delicate fibred in the extreme.

extraordinarily sensitive.

The pieroing scrutiny seemed actually eating its way through her beauty, power, posi-tion, through her Chantilly and roses, and assumption of indifference, into the most secret chamber of her heart.

"Your past," began the low, croaking voice,
"you have striven to escape from, to hide, to
bury, but it looks at you out of a child's pure

My lady whitened, gauped. But no, she must not show dismay!

"Your present," went on the ominous voice

Great Heaven! Who was she? What did she know?

The Counters eaught her breath, flung up her hands as though to ward off a blow.

She was shrinking quivering, from head to

The hush and the darkness, and the slow, low, hoarse voice, relentless as fate itself—
"Oh !!"

She had oried aloud.

"Your fature

But she could stand no more. With one great, choking cob, she staggered—fell !

CHAPTER XXXI.

Through all their mirthful, inconsequent raute in the hall without, they heard it—first the queer cry, then the heavy fall.

Into tively live knew what was wrong.

"Mamma! she is ill again. She has fainted, know!!

She was at the door in a second, had thrown it back, rushed in.

They all followed her. Mrs. Trendworth turned up the lights.

Iva sprang forward. She was kneeling beside

the prostrate little figure.

"Where is pape?"

"In the study with Colonel Harrington. I shall find him," Lionel said.

The room was filled with the exclamations

The room was filled with the excismations of amazed, companionate voices "Mamma—little mamma—don't you know me? It is I—Ivat!"
She was rubbing her hands, pushing back her hair, speaking to her gently and tenderly.
"Here, my dear!"

Mrs. Trendworth, kneeling down, forced a mouthful of the liquor she had secured be-"I should not have allowed her to come in,"

"I should not have allowed her to come in," she hurried on, wellby and remorsefully. "After being ill so lately, the least excitement was sure to prove too much for herd! "Oh, she in reviving the I was reledue. She bent and kissed the pretty, pale lips. She was very warmly attached to this beautiful young stepmother of hers, whose head, even when the stood on tiptos, barely reached her shoulder. reached her shoulder

reached her shoulder.

Now that the lights were flaving, yet could see that the room was furnished with the massive elegance of an earlier day.

The lotsy walls were covered with exquisite

engravinga; the carpets of harmoniously-subdued tints; the chairs of marcon leather; the sprawling legged centre table; the clumry, well packed bookcases; the ponderous, pigeon-holed desks—all gave the aparament an air of solidity, comfort.
"Will you lift the Counters to the lounge,

Mr. O'Donnell?"

It was Mrs. Trendworth who spoke.

But Geoffrey Damyr sprang forward.

"Allow me!" he said.

He stooped, caught up the small, lacedraped figure, carried her to the lounge, laid. her down very gently.

She did not move, did not even lift her

drooping lide.

They gathered around her, those who had been so merry an hour ago, silent and sym-

Had the fortune teller predicted anything dreadful?

By the way, where was the fortune teller? Vanished as completely as though the earth-had opened and swallowed her. There was the throne-like chair before

which Mary Dallas and Lady Iva had stood; there the amber lamp. But the prophetess

had disappeared.
"Where did you find the old hag? I caught a glimpse of her as she skurried out."

One of the Earl's London guests had asked

the question. Mrs. Trendworth turned to him. "Ab, that must remain a secret, as I pro mised it whould," she said courteously, bu

firmly. And just then the Earl came hurrying in!

" Lilian !" He was bending above her. Iva, kneeling beside the lounge, locked up encouragingly.

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"She is better, papa. Just a faintness—that is all. She will know me—see! Mamma!"
The dark-fringed lids lifted, then closed wearily. But in a moment she moved again, flung her left hand above her head.
Oh, Heaven, have mercy! What was that? Was he dreaming?
Breathless, fascinated, fearful, Sir Geoffrey Damyn, standing at the head of the lounge leaned forward. Because of their interest in the condition of the Countess, only one observed him. That one was Lionel Curzon. On the little, soft, white hand of the Counters.

observed him. That one was Lionel Curzon.
On the little, soft, white hand of the Counters was fixed the young Baronet's half-terrified glance.
That curious red scar, beginning at the wrist and running zig zzg through the veined palm—how familiar it was!

Or one like it?
The luxurious room, with the Oriental bangings, its brillfant people faded away. In their place, he saw a simple little parloar in an English sea coast town, and a girl—a mere child, in fact—a lovely, brown-baired, rose-lipped little thing, playing with the shinting Indian aword, elloping, falling on it, cutting the dainty hand from wrist to finger tip; and the bringing the cruel wound to him to bandage and kins and make all well again.
Oh, how long ago it all seemed!

Oh how long age it all seemed!

And now in the presence of all these commiserating, unsuspicious aristocrats, here before the step-daughter who reverenced her, and the man who had given her his haughty name, to see that refr same crimson line.

He was fairly petrified.

It was Lilian who now moved, spoke. Not Marguerite-Lilian /

But there was a wild consternation, horror

As the invariably did when he gazed steadily at her, she lifted her reluctant eyes to his. Just one brief and fleeting glance; but then she mw he knew? ...

CHAPTER XXXII.

Home I. And in her own bright, rich, bosyroom, where contains of ruby plach shot outthe dreary winter night—where waxlightsburned mellowly and a rosy fire leaped and
crackled—how pleasant it all looked, how fullof comfort! Yesterday she would have said
how full of security and restde
Scourity, rest! Would she wer know them
again?

again ?

Long she sat in her favourite low chair by the hearth-slong after every soul but she in the house was in bed, and even the Earl selep—thinking thinking, deaply.

She had talkher maid she should not need her, but she did not attempt to undress.

In her chantilly and roses she lay there, watching the dire burn down—lay there, pale and motimaless.

That was sure. She had read recognition in his startled, inoredulous face. That scar; on her hand. He shed seen it. What fatal unrefutable evidence it was!

And such a revengeful flerocress she remembered the day, the very hour, her palmhad fallen upon his sword.

What next? Would he denounce her?
Surely he dare not do that! If he draggedher from the pinnacle to which she had climbed
would he not fall headlong with her? Perhaps
not though.

would he not fall headlong with her? Perhaps to though.

If he were to declare there had been no If he were to declare there had been no pretence of a marriage—that she had gone with him, lived with him—he, would be believed. What proof to the constary had she? And society, that most unjust of autocrates of would shield her favourite son, while hurling the woman, whose are was dowing him, "like a snow that from heaven to hell."

An yes, she could very clearly see how it would all be it he choose to speak!

Ansong proud, dames, and dowagers there would he aignificant node and smiles, whispers

of "young men's folly," of "wild oats," and then his direst punishment would be over. Once more would

"Mothers proffer their stainless daughters, Men of honour salute him friend."

But for her-

But for her—

Now she moved; now she put up her hands and covered her face, and huddled forward, shivering as with cold.

From her hair, the dying roses dropped their crumpled, creamy petals,

Even if he were never to speak of that summer by the sea, could he not easily prove that the woman who was the wife of the Earl of Silverdale had been Marguerite, not Lilian Woodville?

High were piled the faggots of suspicion. At a hint would a hundred recollect ins—Harold's, Iva's—heap them higher. Then the touch of a torch, and they would blaze.

Then what would remain? She would lose at one stroke all; and, more than all, Harold.

For she loved him truly and passionately—had loved him from the hour they met—would love him till she lay sheeted whitely in her coffin.

Ah, this woman's worship was scarcely kin to the girl's flattered and foolish fancy.

kin to the girls flattered and foolish fancy.

She had felt desperate the night she stood beside Lilian's quiet figure in the little, tawdry hotel parleue. She felt hardly less hunted, less despearing now.

Oh, life was wretched, after all! Was it worth while clinging to, a thing so full of pain?

Yes, years It had the sweetness, too. Was the not me right to be nearest and dearest to him always?

to be nearest and dearest to him always?

No longer the flames leaped and crackled.

Dull and low and red they glowed.

Slie rose wearily. What hour was it? She glanced at her tiny Parisian clock on the bracket—a pretty toy, all marble-veined with gold.

Two! Spilate 2

And then sheremembered it was Christmas

Just a year to day since Lilian in her white cashmere, and holly, had come down the stairway of the Hencerand into the drawing-room, where she, in mud-splashed riding-habit, sat in the fire-glow.

A year I Or, was a a century ?
She finng seide her, faded roses, loosened her gown, unbraided her dasky tresses.
Suddenly she felt listless, weary, aged.
She went into her dressing room. Before the cheval mirror was a large bronze box, with a card lying on the lid.
Mechanically, she lifted the latter, read-

the lines it hore,

"Wear these, for my sake, at the ball .- HAROLD,"

She tunned that key, threw back the lid. She was fairly blinded.
"Ah!" she oried, "the Silverdale dia-

She had never seen them before; they had been at the bank in London. But now he

been at the bank in London. But now he had had then brought down, thinking probably that they would delight her.

On a bed of black velvet they flashed—necklase, car rings, bracelets, brooch, and a string set on flexible golden wire for the bair. They were magnificent. Few if any in England possessed is well so espect. A Russian

England possessed jewels so superb. A Russian princess once offered a fortune for them, but there was not money enemsh in all Russia to purchase the Silverdale diamonds.

Far above and beyond their intrinsic value were they prized by the Romaine.

And they were hera!

She had all a woman's keen appreciation of such things—cf. fine jewele, rare laces, coalliest stuffs: And these glittering stones had power to make her for a brief while forget the slenderness of the thread upon which her resistion hung.

which her position hung.
At last she closed the casket and looked away alkifa glittering wealth.
She went to had, but the dawn was crimson-

ing in the east before her haggard eyes

And then it was to dream of a cloaked and hooded hag, saying to her, the Countess of Silverdale in a stern and bitter voice,—

"Your present is a living lie !"
It was late when she awoke. Harold was

up, dressed, gone.
She lay quite still, feeling glad of having awakened, grateful for having left the horrors

Ah, but were there not worse than shadowy torments before her?

She remembered!

She cowered under the lace and linen and eider down. Geoffrey Damyn knew her. How could she

ever meet him now?
And then she lashed herself with the sharp

And then she lashed herself with the sharp whip of her own contempt.

Nothing was revealed yet; perhaps nothing ever would be. What a coward she was to cry out before she was hurt!

She would face him; she would not let him see she feared him. She had everything to battle him for; why should she so lightly let her present triumph go? Why, at sight of the enemy, fling down her arms?

Sarely she, who had dared so much, had nerve enough, pluck enough, to fight to a finish!

She sprang erect reached out of bed, pulled.

She sprang erect, reached out of bed, pulled the crimson cord hanging beside it.

Her maid appeared.
"Lady Iva said that I was not to awaken. you-that your ladyship had been ill again

last evening." she said.
"That was right."
"Shall I bring up your breakfast, my lady?" she asked, when she had dressed her mistress.

"No, I shall go down. That is all, Jane."
"Shall I mend the Honiton, my lady? Is it
that you will wear to-night?"
"To-night?"

She looked at her blankly.
"At the ball, your ladyship?"
"Oh!"

She had quite forgotten that to night half the county was bidden to the Castle, and a special train coming down from London laden with guests.

How extraordinary that she could have failed to remember it! And yet overwhelmed with this new, wild terror, was it so very strange after all?

"Xes, I shall need it," absently. "You

may go now, Jane."

And when the woman had left the room, she passed through the curtained arch into her boudoir, went straight to her pretty inlaid cabinet—a beautiful thing, which had been a wedding gift from a royal duke.

It was full of all manner of curious recesses,

mirrors, folios, drawers.

To one of the latter she now stooped, pressed its hidden spring.
The drawer flew out.

She put in her hand, took out that which it contained.

Contained.

Kuceling she fingered, examined the queer article—then held it to her lips, kissed it.

She might not need it, but if the worst should come—oh, it would, prove a trusty

Once more the rich lips caressed it. Then she laid it back, snapped the lock, rose. And turned to face—the Earl of Silverdale!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

He had not seen her treasure. He had only just then appeared on the threshold.

But in the moment he became conscious, rather than saw, that she held something in her hands.

He heard her kiss it. Then the spring clicked, she had risen, was looking full at him.

There was a barely perceptible hesitation.

Then he came over to where she stood, bent

down, kiesed her. He, too, remembered it was just a year ago sirce he first had seen her. And how lovely she had looked in her white, silver embroidered

gown, with the holly in ber hair! His heart grew warm with the recollection.

"You are yourself again, love?"
"Oh, yes!" with a bright smile and upward
anos, "It was very silly of me to faint last glance, night.

"It was wrong of me to have allowed you to risk any excitement," he declared. "I hope the huge affair you and Iva have planned for to night will not overtax you."
"No, no! I am quite well. It will be delightful!"

Her colour and her courage had come back

with a rush.

How ridiculous of her to have been so despondent last night! With Harold beside herstrong, gentle, kindly, tender-surely all was

"You do look blooming?" he assented. She did. A glow of excitement, hope, stub-born resolution kindled in her cheeks.

"Yes, dear."

"There is one thing I wish you would do for me to-night."

"I promise. What would she not do for him? "Wear your wedding dress."
"Oh, Harold /"

He smiled.

"Well, will you?"

There came along the hall without the flutter of a woman's draperies.

" A merry Christmas, little mamma! It is almost time to say it, is it not ?"

Looking very radiant, very youthful, with her shining hair brushed off her forehead and braided in childish fashion down her neck, Iva stood in the doorway.

To her the Countess appealed.

"Just think what he suggests, Iva!"
To wear the robe poor Lilian had been married in! It was sacred as a shroud. Oh, she could not!

"Anything very dreadful?"
"Very. He thinks I ought to wear tonight my-my wedding-dress!"Oh, do!"

"But I am in mourning, and-

"And I don't wonder you have the blues so dreadfully sometimes. Yes, you know you do, mamma. You can be just as sorry for your sister in a white gown as a black one. You would please papa, look prettier, and feel a good deal more cheerful yourself."
"What an argument! Surely a lawyer was spoiled in you, Iva!" the Earl laughed.

The Countess did not speak. She seemed

to be considering.
She was the first mistress who had ruled

at Silverdale Castle for many a year. Why should she not appear to night in the splendour her position warranted? Looking fairer than ever, would she not completely win back the Earl? He had been oddly changed of late. More than all, what a splendid defiance she, in bridal attire and the Silverdale diamonds, would be to Sir Geoffrey Damyn! She would dazzle him. He would understand that the girl who had been brilliant enough to make herself Countess of Silverdale, in spite of all that had come and gone, was sufficiently clever to retain her prize at any cost.

Suddenly she looked up. Yes, I shall wear it!

"That is right, mamma. You will look like a queen—a wee one though, Now for breakfast. Do you know the Davenlys came this morning?"

And talking and laughing, she put her arm

around her and whisked her away.

Lord Silverdale following his bewitching
wite and daughter, paused as a thought struck

His brow grew dark.

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE TOWER.

-:0:-

CHAPTER VII.

Aline was seated on a couch, her head buried in her hands, while on the floor lay her mask and the bouquet of flowers she had carried, and which she had thrown carelessly down in the excitement of her entrance.

Before she was even aware of his presence, Bertie was at her feet, his own mask torn off, and his eyes full of piteous entreaty.

"Aline-Aline-forgive me! I know how deeply I have sinned, but surely my remorse may atone !

She sprang up hastily at the sound of his voice, and dashed away her tears. In her haste in taking off her mask the fastenments of her hair had come down, and now the long abundant waves lay over her shoulders in a heavy, dusky veil far below her waist.

Her surprise at seeing him was so great that for a moment she was silent. Then she said in a low voice—
"I will take your remorse for granted, Captain Charlton, but you have no business here. Leave me at once."

"No," he returned, with a certain degred "No," he returned, with a certain degree resolution. "I will not leave until I have heard you say, with your own lips, that I am pardoned. I had written a letter to you—here it is—" as he gave it to her—" and I intended pushing it under your door, but the sound of your sobs made it impossible for me to go until I had seen you, and gained our foreigness. Aline I know you are years. your forgiveness. Aline, I know you are very angry with me—"
"And with due cause," she interrupted,

sternly.

"Yes, I know that as well, but there are some moments in a man's life when reason deserts him—and that was one! I do not excuse myself—exouse is impossible—but I beg you not to judge me too harshly. This is, perhaps, the last time we may meet on this side of the grave, and I cannot part from you in anger. Tell me you will forget that this night has ever been—that you will remember me only as the friend of three years ago—the friend whom you used to like?"

Alice was silent. She but turned every

Alice was silent. She half turned away from him, so that the falling cloud of her hair hid her face, but he could see she was trembling; and, emboldened by the sight of her agitation, he continued to urge his re-

"I am going away to morrow, I and my wife, and I shall never, of my own free will, come back to Galbraith Castle while you are here. Only—Aline"—he hesitated, as if he hardly dared give utterance to the words he wished to say—" only, before I go, I should like to hear you promise, not only that you will pardon me, but that if, in the future, I can ever do anything for you, you will let me know. I am aware I have forfeited my right to ask it, and yet—believe me, Heaven helping me—I will prove a true and faithful friend to you!"

Aline was beginning to feel the result of the strain she had endured during the past week — ever since she came to the Castle in fact—and which had been brought to a orisis by the events of the evening. The reaction suddenly came upon her. She felt breathless —sufforated—as if she were going to faint.

"Open the window!" she exclaimed, huskily. "I must have air—I cannot breathe."

Alarmed by the strain of the strain of

Alarmed by her white face, Charlton sprang up and did her bidding; then throwing his arm round her waist to support her, he

his arm round her waist to support her, he lad her to the window through which the cold night air was blowing—chill and icy across the snow-covered plain.

In his anxiety, it did not occur to the young officer-how dangerous that keen wind must be, striking as it did, on her uncovered neck and arms—for it must be remembered that

ahe was still in the Italian peasant's costume she had worn at the masquerade. For quite ten minutes she remained motion

less, leaning against the stonework of the window, her breath coming in gasps; then, with a faint smile, she drew back into the room.

"I am better now. Thank you for your

assistance. Please leave me."

"Shall I send someone to you—or get you some brandy?" he asked, anxiously; but she shook her head with some impatience.
"No—no! I would rather be left to myself. I assure you I am quite all right. It was merely a temporary faintness—that is

Was merely a temperary laminated and all. Pray go away at once."

Without more ado he obeyed, but as he closed her doer he heard footsteps coming towards him along the passage, and for the first time it occurred to him that his presence in the governess's apartments was, it covered, likely to give rise to very unple comments. He cursed his own thoughtlessness for not having thought of this before, but he had entered the sitting room on the spur of the moment, and without giving him-self time to calculate after consequences.

There was a small door on his left—one that Ronald Galbraith frequently used—and through this Charlton determined to make his exit.

Luckily for him it was not even bolted, so it was the work of a moment to unfasten it and alip outside into the moonlight before Galbraith—for it was he who was proceeding to his own rooms in the Tower-

Once in the keen, fresh air, he felt no inclination to return to the house again where it was impossible to get away from the sounds of festivity which so ill-accorded with his own frame of mind.

Opposite him was the plantation, and the path through it had been swept free from snow. He decided to go as far as the park in the hope that the walk would help him to regain some degree of calmness.

He shivered with a strange, half-supersti-tious fear as he walked down between the rows of solemn pines. Something brushed past his of solemn pines. Something brushed past his face, uttering at the same moment a loud, unearthly screech, that had the effect of bringing him to a standstill.

"What a fool I am!" he muttered to him-

self. "It was only an owl. My nerves must be out of order for it to startle me like this."

And assuredly he was startled, for there was something unearthly in that sudden, weird hooting; and perhaps his nerves were, as he said, out of order, and made him more liable than usual to such impress

He had discovered that his long black He had discovered that his long black domino was not by any means a comfortable garment for walking in. Its folds blew about in the night wind and caught in the low undergrowth of brambles which bordered the path on either side. In disengaging it he pulled at it with some impatience and tore his hand with a thorn, inflicting rather a deep soratch, which bled a good deal.

He took out a handkerchief and staunched the blood, and then he became aware of the

the blood, and then he became aware of the sound of voices, all raised as if in excitement, and a few seconds later two men came hastily down the path towards him.

They were Ronald Galbraith and Mr. Prootor—the barrister of whom previous

mention has been made.
"Ah Charlton!" exclaimed the latter.
"We have been looking for you all over the

place."
"Looking for me!" Bertie repeated, rather confusedly. "What do you want me for?"
Before answering, the barrister drew his arm through that of Charlton, and began walking back towards the Castle, followed by Galbratth—whose face, as the moonlight fell upon it, looked curiously white and fright-

"The fact is, something has happened at the Castle," said Mr. Proctor. "Something

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in which you are more interested than anyone

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Bertie, alarmed by his voice. "What do you mean?"

"This. A murder has been committed."
"A murder!" in a voice of horror. "At the
Castle?"

"Yes, at the Castle." Mr. Prootor paused a moment, then, looking rather fixedly at the young man, he added, "you do not ask who the victim is?"

"I—dare not!" Bertie murmured, more to himself than to his auditors.

Mr. Prootor's words had recurred to him—
"you are more interested than anyone else"
—and his thoughts had immediately flown to

Aline.

"You dare not!" Mr. Prootor repeated, in accents of strongly marked surprise. "That is a curious thing to say. The poor murdered woman is your wife."

"My wife!"
Bertie could only stand and look at the barrister in absolute stupefaction.

"You do not mean it—it cannot be true!"
he evoluted at less.

he exclaimed, at last.

"It is true—true as that you and I are standing here," Mr. Proctor returned, stolidly.

"She is upstairs in her sitting room—quite dead."

"But who-how did it happen?" Bertie ked, hardly yet realising the awful

"Bus who—now did it happen?" Bertie asked, hardly yet realising the awful calamity.

"Ah! that we do not yet know," the barrister answered, with a queer intonation.

"She has been stabbed to the heart—that is all that I can tell you; but wheever the murderer is, you may be quite sure we shall never rest until we have brought him to justice."

Too stupefied to ask any more questions, Bertie contended hismself with walking quickly towards the Castle, where an untimely end had been put to the gaieties of the ball.

Everything was in confusion; the band had gone away, so had several of the guests, and the terrace was thronged with carriages waiting to convey the rest from the scene of the orime.

Men were gathered together in knots in the

Men were gathered together in knots in the hall discussing the awful event—for the news had spread like wildfire—and women, with pale, scared faces, implored wildly to be taken

The servants went about in a frightened sort of way, showing, from their very demeanour, that something awful had hap-

Everyone fell back as Bertie approached. They seemed either to recognise his right to a clear pathway, or to evince a general wish to avoid him.

avoid him.

"Ah!" screamed one lady. "He has blood upon his hand now!"

This was true. Bertie had forgotten his scratch, and the blood had trickled forth unnoticed. He hastily hid his hand in the folds of his domino and then, without further interruption, went upstairs, still accompanied by Ronald and Mr. Prootor—indeed, the latter never for a moment, relinquished his hold on the vonne officer's arm.

latter never for a moment, relinquished his hold on the young officer's arm.
Outside the sitting-room door stood Lady Galbraith, Sydney Borlase, and one or two other people. The Countess came forward, and put her hand on Charlton's arm.
"This is an awful thing for you, Bertie," she whispered, "you have my deepest sym-pathy."

pathy."

He thanked her mechanically, then some one opened the door, and he found himself in the chamber of death.

The candles were lighted, the fire was burning. Everything seemed just as he had left it not an hour ago, and yet over all a change had fallen, for one thing was there which, by its hideous presence, altered all the rest. On the couch lay, at full length, the figure of Adeline Charlton, still in the rich silks and laces of her Spanish dress. Her head was thrown back on the cushions, and even yet the features had not lost the horrible

traces of the death struggle. One hand was firmly elenched, the other hung inert at her side, and the laces of her corrage were all dabbled in a deep red flood, where, just above the heart, the oruel knife had been driven

dabbled in a deep red flood, where, just above the heart, the cruel knife had been driven through.

As he looked at her, all remembrance of her faults and follies left Bertie's mind. He only thought of her as his wife—the woman whose life had been thus treachercuely reft from her. Approaching the couch he knelt at its side, and reverently kissed her hand, afterwards placing it gently on her breast. Its marble coldness struck a chill through his veins—it told him better than anything else that ahe was, indeed, quite past human aid.

"The Countess has already sent for a doctor," said Ronald Galbratth, in a low, hushed voice, "but I am afraid he will be able to render us no assistance. Poor Mrs. Charlton is beyond his akill."

"Bertie," said Sydney Borlase, coming forward for the first time, "you have blood upon your hand—do you know it?"

This was the recond time Bertie's attention had been called to the fact, for again, he had, as was quite natural, entirely forgotten his wounded hand.

"It is nothing," he said, hastily, "only a seratch."

"It is nothing," he said, hastily, "only a

"It is nothing," he said, hastily, "only a scratch."

"How did you get it?" persisted Sydney, who was looking at him very intently.

"I don't know I cannot tell you at this moment. Why"— he asked, his voice unconsciously taking an inflection of anger—"do you worry me with such trivialities when I have so terrible a responsibility upon me?"

"It is not a triviality—or, at least, it may not turn out to be," Borlase answered, so significantly that Charlton found himself wondering what he meant.

No suspicion of his true meaning flashed upon him. He was, indeed, so entirely absorbed by the horror and mystery of his wife's death that he had no thought for anything else. Even the recollection of Aline faded from his mind in this terrible moment.

"I suppose," said Mr. Proctor, "you can throw no light on this mystery?"

"I? No. How is it possible that I should be able to do so!"

"When was the last time you saw your wife?"

"If the ball room—I denced a set of lancers."

"In the ball-room-I danced a set of lancers

with her."
"What time was that?"

Bertie considered.
"I think it must have been somewhere about

"And have you been in the ball-room since then ?

He hesitated. Every eye was upon him. He felt rather than saw that his answers were being listened to with the deepest attention.
"Yes. I danced the next dance—a valse."
"And after that?"

There was something in the tone of the questioner that Charlton resented—an indefinable air of cross-examination.

definable air of cross-examination.

"Why do you question me so closely?" he asked. "What have my movements to do with this crime?"

"We simply want to gather all the information we can, by way of dissipating the mystery," the barrister answered, cautiously, "It seems to me the most natural thing in the world that we should have a full account of your movements during the evening. Do you mean to tell us that the last time you saw your wife alive was when you danced the lancers with her?"

"Yes. That is so."

"And where have you been since the valse

"Yes. That is so."

"And where have you been since the valse which came directly after?"

Bertie thought of Aline. To confess the truth meant dragging her name into this miserable business, and that he was most reluctant to do. If it became known that he had spent some time in her room—alone with her—far away from the other inmates of the Castle, her fair fame was ruined for ever.

He groaned as he thought of his own imprudence, and at the same moment resolved that wild horses should not wring from him the confession.

He had injured her quite enough already, without bringing the shadow of an undying disgrace on her name.

As he looked around, his eyes fell on that white, still face, and he turned on his ques-

white, still face, and he turned on his questioner almost flercely.

"I will tell you nothing in this room, which is descerated by your presence. Have you no more respect for my sorrow than to torture me with these details?"

"Captain Charlton is right," said Ronald Galbraith. "Our presence here any longer is an intrusion. The chamber of death should be seared."

be sacred."

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE was not much rest for the inmates of the Castle that night—the excitement was too the Castle that night—the excitement was too great for anyone to think of going to bed; and it was augmented by the appearance of two policemen on the scene, who made a strict examination of the outside of the Castle, and tried to trace the various footmarks in the snow, in the hope of finding some clue to the mystery of the murder.

Before, however, they had got half-way through their task it began to snow heavily, and the thick white flakes soon obliterated all traces of footprints, and forced the policemen.

traces of footprints, and forced the policemen to relinquish their work as hopeless.

To relinquish their work as hopeless.

One person alone was not affected by the general disquietude, and that person was so insignificant that she had been quite forgotten—even by the Countess. She, it is needless to say, was Aline Somers, who, after Charlton had left her, remained near the open window in a sort of lethargy, the cold air still blowing in upon her bare throat and arms.

At last she got up, and threw herself on the come, without even troubling to close the window. Indeed, it seemed to her as if the fresh air were a necessity which she could not do without, and the thought that it might do her harm was the last that cocurred to her.

Her mind was in a chaos.

Love for Bertie stroggled with a sense of

Love for Bertie struggled with a sense of

Love for Bertie struggled with a sense or duty which told her she ought to overcome it. She did try, poor child! strove as hardly as she knew how, and the struggle was proving too much for her.

When the grey twilight of the winter dawn brought with it the maid whose duty it was to light the dge in the sitting room she knowd.

light the fire in the sitting room, she found the young governess still lying dressed on the couch, and the snow still blowing in through

the open window.

The young girl's face was flushed, her eves were wild and bright, and her hair was falling

in tangled luxuriance over the cushions.

She was talking to herself, and took no notice when the servant spoke to her.

The latter was frightened at her appearance, and went immediately to call the house-keeper, who chanced to have some skill as a

One glance into the sweet flushed face, one touch of the hot throbbing forehead, and burning hand, was sufficient to tell her the truth. Aline was in the delirium of fever.

A doctor happened to be in the Castle at the time—the one who had been sent for to see Mrs. Charlton—and he was brought into the

Mrs. Charlton—and he was brought into the governees's apartments.

He said at once she was suffering from brain fever, and declared that the greatest skill and attention were necessary to save her life.

Thereupon the Countess, half distracted with all the wors accumulating upon her, telegraphed off to Loudon for a hospital nurse, and a few hours later one was installed at the poor girl's bedside—where she was destined to keep her vigil for many a long day and weary night.

Meanwhile, on the morning following the murder, it was decided that an inquest should be held on poor Adeline Charlton's body.

During the night Bertie had paced miserably to and fro in his bedroom, half distracted the horror of the situation, and racking his brain to discover the wretched assassin whose hand had taken a helpless woman's life.

By Ronald Galbraith's express command he was left alone, otherwise Mr. Proctor and others would have been pestering him with questions which he would have found it both

difficult and painful to answer.

As soon as the coroner arrived Charlton

as requested to go downstairs to the library, whither the murdered woman's body had already been taken, and, on coming out of his rooms he noticed a policeman stationed on the landing, but his brain was too hazy to suggest the reason of his presence.

In the library all the Countess's male guests were assembled, as well as the coroner and the jary, and proceedings commenced by the evidence of Dr. Copeland—the physician who had been sent for after the discovery of the

rime.
He said little enough, simply stating that Mrs. Charlton's death had been caused by a blow from a knife or dagger, which had Such a penetrated to the heart. not have been self-inflicted—could only, in-deed, have been deals by the hand of a strong man, and must have caused instantaneous death. Probably the decreased lady did not even grean, and that would account for no

creams being heard.
The next witness called was Selina Hill-Mrs. Charlton's lady's maid-who had been first to discover the murder, and she testified to having heard voices in her mis-tress's sitting-room a little before twelve

One she recognized as that of her mistress, the other was lower and deeper-cyldently a man's voice—and she supposed it to be that of Captain Charlton, but she could

not swear to it for certain.

Asked whether she heard what was said. she replied in the negative. She was in the bedroom adjoining—bad come upstairs to attend to the fire, and did not stay more than ten minutes; but—here she hesitated, and on being pressed to continue, added that she fancied some sort of a quarrel was going on, judging from the sound of Mrs. Charlton's

The coroner then asked if Captain and Mrs. Charlton lived on good terms with each other, and the witness reluctantly admitted they did not, and then glanced across at moroan at

Bertie, and began to ory.

Seeing her distrees, he said,—
'Speak the truth, Hill. You need not be afraid of wounding my feelings, or making me angry."

The coroner looked rather annoyed at the interruption, and sharply told Captain Charl-

ton to be silent. Then be turned to the witness again, and

questioned her at some length, trying to elicit particulars of the terms on which Mrs. particulars of the terms on which Mr Charlton really had been with her husband. The lady's maid confessed to having over-

heard several disputes between them, was generally Mrs. Charlton who quarrelled ;

her husband, as a rule held his tongue. Further pressed, Selina Hill said she had heard her mistress tell the Captain that he had married her for her money, and that if he could have that without her he would be pleased.

So far as she could see the Captain had always treated his wife with the greatest kindness and consideration—more than she should have done if she had been in his place!

Asked as to the position of the suite of rooms occupied by the Charltons she explained that they consisted of four. A sitting room with a bedroom beyond. On the right and left of the sitting room were Captain and Mrs. Charlton's dressing rooms, bosh of which could be entered from the passage, and both of which had doors leading into the sitting-room, while the bedroom had a door giving access to another passage, and it was through this door she had left last night while her

mistress and her compunion were in the sit.

ting room.

The Countess Galbraith was the next to give evidence, and she was so much overcome with grief that she could bardly speak. The deceased lady had been a consin of hers, and the last time she saw her alive was in the ball room at a little before twelve o'clook, She had come up to her and complained of not feeling very well—had fancied she had danced too much, and announced her intention of seeking out her husband, and getting him to take her upstairs, where she said she should rest for half an hour before soming down to supper. Lady Galbraith had advised her to do so, and when she saw her next, she was dead.

The Coroner begged leave to put a question Was Lady Galbraith quite sure of the time? Yes, quite sure. Bupper was to have been served at twelve, and it was before that, so

she was enabled to fix it accurately.

Then Bertie himself stood up, and a great hush fell upon the assembled company, while everyone peered forward to get a glimpse of him. He was very pale and agitated; he had not shaved that morning, and there was a general haggardness about his appearance demeanour. He looked in fact, ten years older than he had looked the preceding night.

He repeated what he had told Mr. Proceer.

that he danced the lancers with his wife, and then left her talking to Mr. Delamere, who happened to be her partner for the next dance. After that he had not seen her

alive.
"With whom did you dence the next value?" asked the Coroner, referring to some notes

"With Miss Somers Lady Calbraith's governess," he answered at once,

"And after that did you dance sysin?"

"And you did not remain in the ballroom?

" No."

"Where did you go to?"
"Upstairs to my dressing room."
"And how long did you stay there?"
"I cannot say—ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, purhaps."

"Then you were there while your wife was in the adjoining sisting room?"

No-at least, if she was there, I did not know of her presence."

As a matter of fact, Bertie had gone down tairs just five minutes before Adeline came up, but this he was not in a position to state.

"And on leaving your dressing room where did you go?"

answered without hesitation. He rsie had made up his mind that Aline must, at all hazards, he saved from the consequence of his impradence, no matter what the risk to him-

self might be. "I went out into the plantation," he said deliberately, and a slight marmur of astonish.

mens was audible at his reply. Having changed your dress?"

Having changed my dress."

"That was a strange thing for you to do,

Bertle made no reply. Now he came to think the circumstance over he was ready to confess that it was strange, but it had not struck him in that light before.

Why may I ask," continued the Coroner,

"Why, may I ask" continued the Coroner, "did you go into the plantation?"

Because I wanted a walk. I was tired of being indoors, I suppose. Bertie answered, but even to himself the exques sounded weak.

' muttered the Coroner, with a look of incredulity. "Dayyou resognize these garments?" he added, as one of the policemen produced the Toreador costume Chiriton

"Yes—at least," hesitating as he saw the condition of the clothes, "my costume was a Spanish one, but it was new, and not soiled like those things are," for the garments were crampled and dingy, and—what was that

dark red blain open them Suralvill m. blood

Do you mean to deny that these are yours?" said the Coroner, sternly.
"I do not deny it. I say they are like mine, but Teannot understand how they got in that condition."

After this it was intimated that the officer's examination was over, and he sat down; but as he looked round the room it struck him that a subtle change had come over the familiar faces about them—they were turned away, or they looked at him coldly and sternly. There was very dittle sympathy visible amongst them.

Oppressed by some vague dread some words-he sat still, while the hall-porter was

examined.

This man's evidence was short, and to the point. He had been sitting near the front door during the whole of the evening, and he was prepared to swear that no one-neither Captain Charlton nor anyone cless the Castle by the principal entrance between the hours of eleven and one. If they went out,

Then came a policemen named Dyke, who said he had been called to the Castle that morning at two ax that was after the murder had been committed. Captain Obarlton had remained in his dressing room during most of the night, but on his departure he (Dyke) had searched it, and had discovered the Toreador dress pushed behind a large wardrobe that the room contained. all orushed and orumpled up and there were stains of blood upon it.

After this the Coroner proceeded to sum up, and, as Bertie heard frim, an idea of the awful truth burst upon him, almost overwhelming him with its horror.

He pointed out that the that words attered by the deceased lady had been her declaration get him to take her upstates to her sitting room, where she purposed resting for a while. No one had noticed her going upstairs, but her maid testified to having heard her in conversation with a gentleman, whom she imagined to be Captain Charlton. And, in-deed, her idea was quite natural for who would be likely to accompany her to her private sitting room except her own has

Captain Charlton, however, denied that he capual charmen nowever tenned that he had seen her after the left the ball room, although he confessed that he was in his dressing room at between that past eleven and a quarter to twelve—about the time the lady went upstairs.

indy went upstairs.

"Gentlemen," said the Coroner, "It is not my duty to prejudice you either for or against Captain Charlton, but it is my duty to remind you that,"for no estensible reason, he changed his macquetading uttire for one which would more entirely disguise him, and then went out into the plantation—to say the least, a strange thing to do, when the ground was covered with snow, and the thermometer at zero! Evidently the country independent of the country independe dently too, he made his exit by some side door, for you have heard the hall porter sweat that he old not pass through the principal entrance. Of the hiding of the Toreador dress he says nothing, neither does he attempt an explanation of the blood stains found upon it. explanation of the blood stains found upon it. You will also remember that, according to Lady Galbrath's evidence, Captain Chariton had a wound on his hand, which was deiping with blood when he entered the Castle, after the murder, and he offers no explanation. I will also recall to your mind what he lady maid, Selins Hill said with regard to the relations existing between the dead lady and her husband, and leave you to form your own conclusion in the matter,"

After a few more remarks; all of the same tenor, the jury retired to consider their verdict, and in the interval a dead affector refered in the library. Everyone seemed afraid to weak—seemed afraid to look at his neighbour, and not a single remark was addressed to Beris

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e same verdict, gned in o speak ur, and himself, who remained with his arms folded

himself, who remained with his arms folded over his chest, and his eyes fixed on the ground, apparently lost in deep thought. When the jury returned, a thrill of excite-ment was felt by everyone. They had taken such a short time to consult that it was clear they must be unanimous in their opinion. And this was jundeed, the case, for their verdict

Was ind shat the deceased, Adeline Angusta Charten, sied from the effects of a blow produced by a knife or tagger, and that, in our opinion, the blow was struck by her husband, Embert Charlton, Captain is the the regiment, against whom we return a ventice of sitted marker!

And as they proceeding a detective in plain chartes, who had been present during the which of tabe proceedings, stepped forward and dad-his/hand havely ou Charlton's aboutles.

"I arrest you, in the Quem's name !"

CHAPTER IX.

Poor Brank! His position was, indeed, a terrible one and the charge against him so serious, that when hornght any laters the magistrated, they at once transdate to take half for his reappearance, and he was accordingly lodged in the county good, there to ponder and inturbed on the chances of ecope.

That the evidence against him was of a sery serious nature he himself could see, and another thing also made itself clear—namely, that most of his so called friends thought him guilty. He could see now the gist of Mr. Proctor's questions on the night of the marder, and Sydney Borlase's inuendoes, which, at the time, had not struck him as meaning anything time, had not struck him as meaning anything particular. A few people remained true to him, and asserted their belief in his innocence— the Countess and Ronald Galbraith amongst

the number.
"I have known him from boyhood—we were at Eton together," said the latter, when speaking with Mr. Prootor regarding the murder, "and I am quite certain that he is

murder, "and I am quite certain that he is inapshle of such a crime as murder. He may have been a little wild—run through his money, and all that sort of thing—but he is the most honourable fellow in the world, and the kindest-bearted."

"That may be," returned the harrister, doubtfully, "and for all that, he may, in a moment of passion, have been carried out of himself, and struck the fatal blow. My experience has been longer than yours, and I know human nature better than you do."

"You don't understand Bertie Charlton as well."

well."

Mr. Prootor nodded magely, and looked unconvinced.

"Time will prove, but meanwhile things look very black against him, as you yourself must see. In a rimes of this description one has to look for a motive, and here we have the fact that the husband did not care for the wife, that the twick was constantly magging and tormenting him, and that her death would put him in possession of a considerablesam of money-for, as Mrs. Charlton has not made a will, her personal property, which amounts to a good deal, will all go to her husband, while the landed estates—also worth a good deal—go to her cousin, Sydney Borlass, who is her heir at law.

"That husband and wife did not agree is beyond dispute Then, again, we have Bertie's

beyond dispute. Then, again, we have Bertie's mysterious disappearance from the ball-room, his change of attre, and the fact of his hiding his Torendor dress because of the stains of blood that would have betrayed so much. His manner, too, when we meet him in the shrubbery, was very strange, and that out on his hand he says it was a scratch, but it may have been a wound from the knife. No. I am of opinion that Captain Charlton will be found milter!

'And condemned to death?'

"Certainly! There can be no other sentence when the verdict is one of wilful marder!"

Ronald ground aloud. His own troubles the loss of Ceoile—were forgotten in the awful calamity that had betallen his friend.

"Proctor!" he exclaimed, laying his hand on the barrister's arm. "You must defend him—whether you believe him guilty or not. We all know your skill in these criminal cases, and it any man can get him off, that man is yourself!"

yourself!"
Mr. Prostor looked doubtful. Evidently
the test imposed upon him was very little to
his taste, and he would have avaded it if

his taste, and he would have avaded it it pessible.

But Rounds would take no denial. His faith in the barrieter's delent was great and he insisted on his being employed on his friend's being!

"All right," said Proctor, at hast. "I suppose I must undertake it, and I will do my less; but do not be sunguine of success. I would fit the obvercetman at the har could get Bertie Charlon acquisted. However, I'll do my best, and, first of all, I must have an interview with Charlon. A great deal will depend upon the finding of the weapon with which the poor woman was murdered."

Perhaps it never will be found, " showered Round, but at this the barrieter shock his head.

"I don't agree with you. No one, who has

"I don't agree with you. No one, who has not sind it, knows the difficulty of getting rid by any article—however trifling. Of course, if a thing can be burnt there is an end of it, int you can't thus dispose of a knife or dagger; and I have few doubts that the weapon is still in existence, although it may be difficult to get at it. If I were a detective on the other side, and acquainted with the circumstances of the case, I should say Captain Charlton's visit to the plantation was for the purpose of burying it there." it there.

"Good heavens!"
"No doubt," continued the barrister, imper-turbably, "the lides will not stake those danderheads; but as soon as the snow goes I shall, myself, institute a minute search in the plantation. At present it is impossible."
For the snow still lay heavily on the ground, and showed no signs of melting, even after the New Year had come in.

New Year had come in.

New Year had come in.

It was a very sad New Years' Day at Galbraith Gastle. All the guests had departed save Mr. Proctor, and the Countess would have gone too, but for some instinct of loyalty

have gone too, but for some instinct of loyally towards Bertie, which made her fancy it would look like desertion if she went away while his fate was so undecided.

"I could not have believed such trouble could come upon us all," she observed to her brother-in-law. "It is true it never rains but it pours, and there is nothing but sorrow, whichever way I turn. That poor little Miss Somers is so ill that her life is despaired of."

"Indeed!" Ronald said, sympathetically.
"I am very sorry for her. She seemed a sweet little thing."

little thing.

"She has been delirious ever since the day after the murder"—the Countess's voice instinctively sank—"and she is constantly calling out for "Bersie, Bersie," I am afraid the poor child was in love with him. I sometimes wonder whether she could throw any light or the great of that a wifel night."

light on the events of that awful night."
"What do you mean?" asked Ronald, startled, and the Countess pervensly drew

"Oh, nothing! It was only a fancy of mine. I don't in the least suppose there is anything

Neither did Ronald at the time, but it recurred to him afterwards very forcibly. In the meantime fresh evidence had been

One of the servants, whom timidity had kept back at the inquest, now came forward, and said that she had seen a lady and gentleman go into Mrs. Charlton's sitting room at about a quarter to twelve on the night of the

The servant was a kitchen-maid, named

The servant was a kitchen maid, named Susan Mills, and she had no business apstairs at all. It was partly this reason that had kept her silent at the inquest; for thinking there was no danger of anyone observing her, she had determined to mae the apportunity of seeing the appear part of the Casile, and the splendid dresses of the day visitors, which the other servants had described to her.

This girl's evidence was of the greatest impartance, for she was singularly clear with regard to fasts. It seemed that directly she had observed the lady and gentleman coming apartairs ahe had hidden behind a statue, and she declared that, just as she did so, she heard the great clock in the estables chiming out the time. France detection if she came out, and thinking that the lady and gentlemen would probably accoming downstairs again; the remained desired she statue, and while there sha heard a sound from inside the sitting-room thus as med like a deep groan. It was not repeated, but some minutes later, the door opened and the gentleman came out—alone.

As he came out the stable clock struck

As he came out the stable clock struck twolve!

So far the girl was quite positive, and she sided that she was still behind the statue then, five minutes afterwards, Mrs. Charlton's maid entered the room, and found her mistress dead.

Thus the time that the fattl blew must have been struck was fixed beyond a doubt as having been between a quarter to twelve and twelve o'clock, and this was a very great help to those abriring to clucidate the mystery of Adeline Charlton's death.

When it came to questioning the girl Mills

When it came to questioning the girl Mills regarding the appearance of the gentleman who had accompanied the murdered woman, all she could say was that he was tall, and wore a black mask and a black dress. On these points she was quits clear, and here her evidence did not tally with the theory for the

prosecution.

1.1f, and Mr. Proctor, speaking to Galbraith on the subject, if Coarlton wore his black domino when he struck the blow, how is it that the Torendor dress is stained with blood? This is certainly a point in your friend's

favour."

During his interview with Bertie in the prison, he told the officer what Susan Mills said. Bertie listened with the apathy that had fallen upon him since his apprehension, and did not seem to lay much stress on the kitchen maid's testimony.

"I don't see that it does me either good or harm," he observed, indifferently. "I had changed my Torsador dress before a quarter to twelve and where a mask and hlark dominon."

to twelve, and wore a mask and black domino

to twelve, and wore a misk and black domino similar to those the girl describes."

"Then how did the Spanish dress get stained?" shrewdly asked the barrister, on the slert for any admission into which his client might be betrayed; for, to tell the truth, he would have been very glad to eatisfy himself whether Charlton was really imnocent or guilty. His own opinion leaned to the latter hypothesis.

"How can I tell?" Bartie demanded. "The same hand that killed my wife three suspicion on me by dabbling my clothes in blood, I suppose."

suppose.

I suppose."
"Well, then," said Mr. Proetor, laying down his forefinger emphatically," the case now lies in a nutshell. It is quite impossible to dispute the girl Mills's evidence, and she swears that she heard what must have been your wife's dying groan between the three quarters and the hour. If you can prove that at that time you were so mewhere else an alth; is made out, and you are a free man."

The change in the officer's face did not estimated.

The change in the officer's face did, not escape Mr. Proctor's practised eye. The quarter of an hour sliaded to Bartie knew he had spent in Aline's room in the Tower, but he could not say, this.

"If my freedom depends on that I am doomed," he returned, gloomily.



BERTIE TOOK OUT A HANDKERCHIEF AND STAUNCHED THE BLCOD, AND A FEW SECONDS LATER TWO MEN CAME DOWN THE PATH !]

"But do you not know where you were at that time?"
"Yes -I know."

"But you won't tell me?"
"No," Bertie answered, steadily, "I will neither tell you nor anyone else."

neither tell you nor anyone else."

The barrister got up in some excitement, and paced the narrow limits of the cell.

"I'm sure I don't know what you expect me or anyone else to do for you if you persevere in this obstinacy," he muttered, angrily. "Here am I doing my best to get you off, and you not only decline to help me, but actually throw obstacles in my way !"

"I am very sorry," the young man said, his pale face flushing. "But I have no alternative but silence."

native but silence."

The lawyer stood still, and looked at him

The lawyer stood still, and looked at him attentively out of his keen grey eyes.

"I suppose you are aware that that is equivalent to a confession of guilt?"

"It is not," Charlton exclaimed, with quiet emphasis. "I give you my word of bonour—I awear you the most solemn oath—that I am as innocent of my wife's death as you your-ailt!"

"And as ignorant of her murderer?" queried Mr. Proctor, impressed, despite his cynicism, by the prisoner's manner. "And as ignorant of her murderer," re-

peated Bertie, in the same quietly assured

"You have no suspicions?"

Bertie hesitated a moment. Several times a wild idea had flashed across his mind with regard to the crime, but he had dismissed it as

regard to the crime, but he had dismissed it as unworthy.

"No," he returned. "Until to-day I fancied the murderer must have come in search of jewels, and have been interrupted by my wife."

"That has struck me, too," and a

my wate."
"That has struck me, too," said Mr. Proctor. "It is quite possible that the news of the ball had spread all over the country, and offered itself as a tempting opportunity to the professional burglar, who, in a mask and

domino, would run small risk of detection. But that theory is upset by the fact of Mrs. Charlton taking the man into her sitting-room; and my opinion now is that it is in the circle of the Castle itself that we must look

Bertie acquiesced, but threw out no suggestions; and Mr. Proctor went away, convinced of his innocence (for the way in which he had declared it had satisfied the barrister that he spoke the truth), but deeply incensed at his refusal to be perfectly candid with his

at his refusal to be perfectly candid with his legal adviser.

"There is something behind—some inner mystery that I must clear up!" he said, when giving Lady Galbraith and Ronald an account of the interview. "No doubt he has some powerful reason for keeping silence, and ten to one a woman is at the bottom of it. Yes. It is a case of "Cherchez la femme !!"

The Countess started, and exchanged a quick glance with her brother-in-law, which the barrister perceived.

quick glance with the text of the barrister perceived.
"Well, Lady Galbraith, what is it?"
"Nothing," the Countess answered, evasively.
"An idea struck me—that is all." "Will you not communicate it to me?"

"It won't help you, I am afraid."
"Permit me to be the best judge of that."
"Well,"answered the Countess, thus pressed.

"I noticed on the night of the ball that my governess, Miss Somers, disappeared from he room at about the same time as Captain Charlton, and did not come in again after-wards. The next morning she was delirious. Of course, it may be merely an accidental

of course, it may be merely an accidental coincidence, but the two knew each other some time ago, and I fancy Mrs. Charlton was a listle jealous of the governess."

"I muss see this girl—at once!" exclaimed Mr. Prootor, impulsively, but Lady Galbraith shook her head.

"Impossible, Mr. Prootor. She is still very ill—so ill that no one is allowed to go near her save the nurse and doctor, and her life hangs on the merest thread of hope."

"Tiresome girl!" said the barrister, with an egotism of which he was quite unconscious.

"Tiresome girl!" said the barrister, with an egotism of which he was quite unconscious. "Directly she gets better let me know."

The question that Bertie himself had been longing to ask was if Aline was still at the Castle, but he had refrained lest, by so doing, he betrayed his interest in the young girl. However, the day after his interview with Mr. Proctor, Lady Galbraith herself wrote to him, and in her letter she mentioned the fact of the governess's illness. Bertie groaned as he read it.

"I think I am doomed to bring misfortune upon her!" he muttered, but at the same time his resolve was confirmed to go to an ignominious death rather than sully her name by letting it be dragged through the Law Courts, and defamed by the newspapers.

Of proving his own innocence he had little hope. Circumstances were so fearfully against him that it seemed impossible to overcome them, especially as in the one important point his tongue was tied.

What a wasted life his had been all through he thought, bitterly. If the time were only given him, he would redeem the past by a very different future.

But that could hardly be—the future, as he saw it, was too terrible to he dwelt upon.

But that could hardly be—the future, as he saw it, was too terrible to be dwelt upon.

(To be continued.)

When I behold, says a modern writer a fashionable table set out, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes. Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal but man keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and fissh of a third. Man falls upon everything that comes in his way; not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom, can escape him.



["OH! JACK, BE MERCIPUL TO ME AND SPARE ME. KEEP MY SECRET!"]

BERYL'S ENGAGEMENT.

-:0:--

CHAPTER I.

As old country house, a pretty room—half boudoir, half study—and two girls deep in conversation, who, save that both were young and both were gently born, presented the greatest possible contrast to each other.

Diana Leigh—Lady Di, as her friends love to call her—was the prettiest and merriest of counties.

It was said of her that she began to flirt when she was five years old, and had carried the accomplishment to a fine art; but there was the accomplishment to a fine art; but there was one thing to be said in her defence, she was just the same to all her admirers—fascinating, bewildering, and capricious, all three by turns, but not one of the men who hovered round her could say freely she had ever given him more favour than she vouchesfed to his fellows, and, somehow, this one thing told in her favour even with the strictest of matrons.

She was not quite heartless are declared.

She was not quite heartless, she declared, and if ever the right man came she would for-

and if ever the right man came and would for-get her follies.

Certainly she was an embarrassing charge.
Her mother, after chaperoning her through the London seasons, felt quite weary of the task. An English marquis, a foreign prince, and a London millionaire, had all sighed before Lady Di, and sighed in vain. She had come back to Langlands quite heart whole, with an unromantically healthy appetite, and the most sublime indifference to her mother's lectures.

"I can't help Lord West proposing to me, mamma," she said simply. "I'm sure I never asked him to. If he'd inquired my advice on the subject it would have been as short and emphatic as Pusch's counsel to those about to marry.—Don's."

marry—Don's,"
"My dear Di," said poor Lady Langlands,

fairly at her wits' end, "do you ever think |

seriously of your future?"
"No," returned the incorrigible Dians.
"Everyone's future is old age and grey hairs
if they live long enough. I don't think either
prospect alluring."

"Do be serious, Di. When your father dies" "Do be serious, Di. When your father dies"—and the tears came into her eyes, for she dearly loved the Earl—"don't you see how changed your position will be? We shall lose our home, and my jointure is so small I shall not be able to give you all the luxuries you are used to. Besides, dear, my own health is uncertain. If you are left an orphan, unmarried, Di, with only five thousand pounds for your fortune, I fear you will find life dreary work. I have no wish to speak against Sybil, but I think you would not be happy as an inmate of her house,"
"I detest Sybil," said Di frankly. "What.

"I detest Sybil," said Di, frankly. "What-ever possessed Frank to marry at iwenty-two, and to marry her, I never could make out. No, mother dear, don't talk of dying; but if I were left alone in the world be sure I would rather black shoes for a living than be a pensioner on my august sister in law!"

my angust sister in law!"

The young Viscountess was not a favourite in her husband's family; Lord Leigh had married, fresh from college, an heiress of enormous fortune, a little older than himself.

She had been faultlessly educated, had etiquette and grammar at her fingers ends; was more accomplished than a governess, but report said she had never had a grandfather.

As the years rolled on and the influence over

As the years rolled on, and the influence over her husband grew stronger—although all out-ward courtesy was shown towards his family— both father and mother felt a gulf between

They found no fault with Sybil, but the pettiness of her nature jarred on them; they found that on all points her views differed from theirs.

Lord Langlands was turned sixty-five, and gave signs of breaking. It might well be that in

two or three years Lady Leigh ruled at the

Di felt there was truth in her mother's warning, but no one had touched her heart, and it seemed to the girl she was very happy

as she was.

Something of this she had been saying to Beryl Vernon, her friend and confidante, on the dull October day when we first see them.

Beryl was twenty-two, just two years older than Lady Di, but they had been intimate from childhood—ever since the time when, during her mother's dangerous illness, little Beryl had been brought to the Castle, and for one brief year been treated by the Countess as a second daughter.

Alas for Beryl! Her mother, who had been a girlish friend of Lady Langlands, died, and within twelve months her father married again.

again.

The Earl offered to keep the little girl entirely—to adopt her in fact—but Di Vernon refused.

His second wife—a scheming and ambitious woman—decided the Langlands would never lose sight of the little Beryl, and that, by

lose sight of the little Beryl, and that, by keeping her in her father's house the great people of the village must perforce visit there.

The first Mrs. Vernon had been an intimate guest at the Castle, why not the second? It was a mistaken idea. The Countess, who had only tolerated the doctor for her friend's sake, and was disgusted with his so speedily forgetting her, conceived a great aversion for Beryl's stepmother.

forgetting her, conceived a great aversion for Beryl's stepmother.
She was never rude, never uncourteous; ahe showed her precisely the same amount of civility she bestowed on other people in the village, but nothing more.
Beryl had always come to the Castle every day to share Di's lessons; she did so still. Mrs. Vernon could hardly interfere, as to refuse the boon would have cost her the expense of a governess at home; besides, she dared not offend the Castle family, a rival doctor having come to Langlands, who would

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have had a fatal ascendency over Dr. Vernon but for the latter's being known as the Earl's attendant.

Mrs. Vernon dared not openly interfere, but she revenged herself on Beryl. Many a taunt, many a sneer, was levelled at the child; and as she grew older, and the tribe of half-brothers and sisters increased, she was kept so perpetually at work that it was a real difficulty for her to get to the Castle where—therethe cabel days had love here here. culty for her to get to the Castle where-

was always a welcome guest. At twenty Lady Di was a happy careless creature, whose will was law to her doting parents, save for occasional skirmishes with her sister in law. She had never had a harsh word speken to her in her his, trouble she had no experience. Only two years word spoken to her in her life, and of real older, Beryl Vernon seemed almost inue to sorrow. Ever since her studies studed five years before the had been gonness to the four elect stepsisters, besides anodernurse to the five little ones and lady's maid and needle women to her stepmether. However first Vermon managed to keep things mast that appearable on the Dactor's stander smoone. to sorrow. one could make out. She had been married now eleven years, and he was a far poorer man than when she accepted him; but with all her faults of temper she must have been a good manager and an in-dustrions woman, for she never ran into debt. She made her husband comfortable, and no

one had ever seen one of ther nine children dirty or neglected. Nine children, and the eldest only ten—for twins had visited the Doctor's house twice—it was no wonder there was plenty to do at Woodbine Villa, and that a holiday for Beryl was hard to come by. But Mrs. Vernon could not have made the girl's life wretched by always nagging at her; and it was positively wicked to repreach her for the expenses of her maintenance, since Beryl certainly did the work of two servants for the food of one, and no wages at all except the trifle absolutely necessary to keep her in clothes—a trifle, indeed, since for years Lady Langlands, guessing the state of affairs, had always bought her favouritesuch articles of attire could as not be stolen or appropriated for the younger ones without discovery.

She was wearing one of them now-a deep wine coloured velveteen, high to the neck, and down to the wrists, plain enough by the side of Di's glistening shimmering silk, and lovely uncovered neck and arms, but yet the pressions thing Beryl had ever had. Lady Di wore blue; it was emphatically her colour, setting off the dainty pink and white of her complexion, and the bright gelden tint of her hair. Her eyes were like two sapphire stars, and they had long darks lasher which looked almost black as they drooped over her fair; skin. The most prejudiced person could not have denied Di's beauty; indeed, Tennyson's description well suited her: "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely

The second Mrs. Vernon always spoke of her second daughter as an ugly little brown thing; but the first adjective was not rved

Beryl had no claim to regular beauty. Her face, too, was one of those whose charms develop late. It was easy to pass her by unnoticed; but, having once looked at her. seriously, one wanted to look again.

It was a face whose beauty now consisted chiefly in expression. A very touching, wistful smile, rare and fleeting, sometimes lit it up, and showed glimpses of what it might have been; but, for the most part, the name given to Beryl by the village folks-" poor little Miss suited her. Vernon

The cheeks were so white and thin, that the

this assertion of the Countess was looked on by her husband and Di (she never uttered it to anyone else) as almost as preposterous as another pet theory of hers—that Beryl was half starved.

half starved.
So the two girls with such different histories sat together, and talked of indifferent things till Lady Di laft off playing with her watch thain, and salved abruptly,—
What do good think of Jock Dalamere,

in one instant Dery Vernon bluebed crim-u, the colour tred her face and neck; then e grew white as death, and said quite

"Whateyou think of Mr. Delamere iter to the purpose, Di from what people say."

The brauty looked so calm and careless at though they had been discussing the weather

"I think he is one of the most good natured on I ever mak and mother is very fond of

And you mean to marry him?"
PI never saw anyone I distinct the idea of sing sied to for life less but I am not the sast in love with him; Beryl. "If I heard he may let be married to someone size to s going to be married to someone else to orrow. Leshouldn't feel a bit of real dis-"But you won't hear it."

ameri/2/2 mak "Where is Mr. Dal ed Mi

"Where is Mr. Dalamer?" asked Mis-vernon, gravely. "He was not at church yesterday. Do for know, Dl. I fanded you had sent him asky?"

"You don't seem his feelings are as public as that?" said Diamisohievously. "Why, even mother does not put him down as one of my victims yet; but I did not send him away, Pages!"

Beryl." You know where he is gone. You know how people talk in this place, Di. It is all over the village he was here on Saturday night, and that when he went away he drove at a breakneck pace to the station, and caught the mail train to London!"

"I hope he did, Beryl," and now there was just a suspicion of nervousness in her voice. "I have not said a word to anyone, even mother suspects nothing, but I want to tell you about it. I know I can trust you."

Indeed she could, but if only she had been a little less preoccupied she must have noticed her friend's face was pale as marble, and guessed the truth—the doctor's daughter had lost her heart to the wealthy master of White-

They had been thrown a good deal together and shough he had never noticed her, she had been able to see his generous nature, his chivalrous, manly courage; and so, even while aware he loved her friend, poor Beryl had anffered him to become her hero.

Love is very quick. Jack Delamere (warned, perhaps, by the rumour of Lady's Di's fliristions) had never betrayed his feelings publicly.

He was a great deal at Longlands Castle;

but then he was a new comer in Blankshire, and wanted the Earl's advice about many

matters connected with his estates.

Everyone knew he admired Di (but, then, mankind in general did that), still, not even her father or mother suspected he lost his heart to her at first aight. It was left for Beryl Vernon, her eyes sharpened by her own sad

secret, to guess that.

And now the girl who loved him prepared to listen to the confidence of the one he loved.

Di never dreamed the torture she was inflicting on her friend, or she would have kept silence at any cost.

"Mr. Delamere came quite late on Saturday afternoon, when there was no one but me at home. Of course, I told him I was very serry father was not there to tell large brown eyes seemed too large for the very sorry father was not there to tell small face, just as the thick coils of brown hair seemed too heavy for the little head.

Lady Larglands, who loved her dearly, declared, if she had Beryl, and dressed her properly, she would make a sensation. But see them, but me; and before I could explain

to him I knew nothing about prize pigs, he was asking me to be his wife."

"And you laughed and refused?" said Beryl dly. "Oh, Di, where will you find your

heart?"

"I retused," said Lady Di, "but he wouldn's take no for an answer. I am sure I had told him three times I didn't care for him like that when we were interrupted. A cablegram from America that had gone to Whiteladies was brought on here by a groom. He opened it, and found that his sister was dying. He looked so atterly accepted that I had to give in. I told him I didn't love him, but I thought him one of the nices man I had int I thought him o nt I thought him one of the nices men I had wer neet, and that if he'd be content with that we'd try being engaged when he came back. He we'd try being angued when he came back. He nearly rightened me by his gratitude, and then he mailed off to the station to try and each the Loudon train, for it seems some ship sailed for Canada to day."

"And journe railly support?"

"I suppose so "said facty Dis nather doubtelly, "but I don't steel a bit like it."

"What does the Contract say?"

"You don't suppose I've told her? Why, mother would proclaim it for and near beide

"You don't suppose I've teld her? Why, mother would processin it for and near basides setting the part of a dragon over one fill Jack came back. Oh, no. I mean to make the most of my liberty. He won't stay in America; in ited, his sister may be dead before he gets there. "The voyage only takes about ten days at the outside. He'll be back in a month or ten weeks. It will be time strongly to don my basing them." chains then."

But ston't your mother by wood at your keeping such a secret from her?"
"Mother will be too pleased for that She is

very fund of Mr. Delemere, and you see Whiteledies is so near, and he is very well off 1"

"I see," returned the girl, who would have been happy to marry John Delamere if he had had only fifty pounds a year, and been forced to live in Iceland to get it. "Of course, it is just the kind of match which will please Langlande."

"And he has no relations except this sister in Canada—and that is such a boon. Fancy if he had a mother ready to pounce down on me every time I amused myself a little! The old uncle who left him Whiteladies was the last of his kith and kin in England, so that's all right."

"And no one is to know?" "Not till be comes back. He has old-fashioned notions. He will go to papa and ask his consent before he says a word to any one. Oh, yes, Beryl, you will find the secret will be kept perfectly until Jack comes back, and then it will burst on the world of Langlands like a

will burst on the world of Langlands like a thunderboit. I only hope you will be able to appear properly surprised."

"I'll try to."

"Has trat horrid woman been worrying you, Beryl?" demanded Lady Di, with more pity for her friend than respect for the second Mrs. Vernon. "You are tooking just like a little white ghost !"

"I have a headache," confessed Beryl. "I think I am a little tired. There was so much to do before I could get away."
"Those hateful children."

"Poor little things!" said Beryl, gently.
"They can't help being alive, and there being nine of them, that's the sum of their offence.
Di. If they had come to a rich man's house they would never have been in the way."

Nine children under eleven must be a nulsance," said Lady Di, frankly. "Do you know, Beryl, I often wonder you don't ran

away."

Where to?" asked Miss Vernon, gravely. There are times, Di, when I feel I ought to go away and earn my own living. Father looks so old and careworn, and you know I

"Ay, and for the last five years you have saved Mrs. Vernon two servants. I think you ought to go away. Beryl, for your own sake. Bhut up with those children; you see no one from year to year. If you went into

gs, he was

aid Beryl

ind your but be m sure I care for gone to a groom, d that I ove him ion I had

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y." se be a Do you on't run some nice family as companion, you would meet heaps of people and be married!" Beryl flushed.

Beryl flushed.

"But I don't want to be married, Di."

"Then you ought to. You are much too gentle and yielding ever to go through the world alone. Someone will always be putting on you like Mrs. Vernon does now. Now a husband would prevent all that, you know."

Beryl amiled in spite of herself.

"It's very kind of you to begin matchmaking for me, Di, but you need not take the trouble. Fam going to be an old maid."

There was something so decided in her tone that Di felt half impressed.

that Di felt half impressed.
"Do you mean it, Beryl?"

" Yes.

"Yes."

"But everyone falls in love once, and you can't have cared for anyone yet, because you've been nowhere to see him."

She stopped abrupily. Eliber the two pink spots on Beryl's face or some strange institute had told her the truth. Some girls would have blundered out regrets far more painfulthan silence; but Disna Leigh, with all her faults, had a very tender heart for those she loved, and also a wonderful amount of tast. She changed the subject so naturally that Devil She changed the subject so naturally that Beryl

She changed the subject so naturally that Beryl never guessed her secret had passed into her friend's keeping.

"Who can' that be coming up the drive with a bag in his hand? Beryl, do look! It must be someone coming to stay."

Beryl's eyes followed her friend's. It was getting dusk. The girls had dressed early that they might enjoy a gessip afterwards. Beryl saw at once it was a stranger, and said so.

Lady Di rang and cross-questioned the

footman.

Lady Di rang and cross-questioned the footman.

The gentleman was Sir Owen Menteith. He had been coming to the Gastle with Captain Gordon, but had failed to meet the latter, so came on alone.

"Just like Dick," commented his cousin, when the man was out of the room. "Dick never kept an appointment in his life. He wrote to father he'd be down for the First, and bring a friend with him. Here's the binth without our hearing why he didn't come, and now suddenly the friend appears alone!"

"Have you ever seen Sir Owen, Di?"

"Never," said Di, frankly; but I've heard a lot about him. He saved Dick's life when he tirst joined years ago, and they have been friends ever since. He's got a history."

Some repollession of the day the breard the history made her blash. Dick Goroon, who had known her ever since she was a baby, and getted her all these years without falling in love with her, had wound up his description of his friend hy," And it's no use you smiling at him. Di. He's ar poor as a chatch mouse, and he hates women like person. Always has since he was jilted year ago."

This warning was intered the year before when Sir Owen, then Justin Major Menteith—had been invited on a long wist to Langlands with the young captain. At the last moment he never came, a family affairs "preventing him.

Di had famored it an idle excuse at the time,

moment he never came, 3 family affairs "preventing him.

Di had fancred it an idle expanse as the time, now she began to think it must have been true. There had been these lives between the coldier and the baronetey, these surely must have been out off addenly.

But it must be confessed Di's first shought was conquest. Of course she would not for get Mr. Delamere, but—he was in Canada. Sir Owen would probably stay only a week, perhaps less. It would do no harm if she tried to raise his epirits and make him confess. tried to raise his spirits and make him confess there was one woman he could not have.

there was one woman he could not have.

The pretty coquerte took one glance in the mirror, and congratulated herself that she was looking her very best.

Then Lord Langlands, who had been welcoming Sir Owen with old-fishioned warmth, and assuring him they were glad to see him as though he had brought Dick too, opened the bouder and introduced the stranger to the two girls, whose fate he was to influence for all time.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER II.

Love is a passion which attacks us all in different ways. I am quite eure the proverbial "I know," he said, "he was engaged to his different ways. I am quite eure the proverbial "I know," he said, "he was engaged to his domin!"

"I know," he said, "he was engaged to his domin!"

"So he is. Myra is his mother's nice, while his father is my uncle, so both Myra and I are his first consing; though between as while his father is my uncle, so both Myra and I are his first consing; though between as the old story of the biter bit—the danger of playing with edged tools, do.

Cousin Dick failed to put in an appearance. Beryl Vernon was detained at home by some childish aliment of the younger set of twins. Diana and Sir Owen—as the only two young poor Gordon from my heart!"

"Well," said Di, with a vain attempt at her old gaiety. "I t was rather unkind to me, but you see Dick didn't need your pity. Whathouse and her parents' guest, were thrown as great deal together, and the spoilt beauty, who had meant to inflict a triffing wound on the Baronet's heart, awoke suddenly to the bitter dissovery that in the attempt she had loss her.

The for believing me engaged to Dick? I don't know that it was exactly an injury. Down.

He was so utterly different from any man-she had ever met. His cold, half stern man-ner fuscinated her in spite of herealf. He was nearly forty, and she only just out of her

She was gay, and he was grave. He never paid her a compliment—she, who had been fed with them from babyhood. He even

fed with them from babyhood. He even scotled her occasionally in a careless paternal sort of way; but all the same she leved him. She knew her own secret; but she never suspected her love would ever be returned. She began to think Dick was right, and Sir. Own had suffered too deeply once ever to trust in a woman again. Well, he would soon be gone, and then he would forget her. She was doing no one any harm. Had she not told Jack Delamere she did not love him? Of course, she should keep her word and

Of course, she should keep her word and marry Jack. She could pity him, poor fellow, now she understood the pain of a hopeless love herself.

"Sir Owen stayed a month as the Castle without a hint of departure. Indeed, the Earl hoped to prevail on him to remain for Christ-mas, when the errant Dick would be sure to

He went shooting sometimes; but oftener he walked with Diana in the grounds, or drove

he wasked with Diana in the grounds, or drove her out in the pretty pony phaseon.

He was nourteens and attentive to the Countees always; but though his dark eyes followed every movement of Di's graeful figure, he wooks to her less than to her

One afternoon they had been down the village and a severe anowstorm came on, so that they had to take refuge in a cottage. Its mistress had been lady Di's old nurse, and as she made inquiries for all the family at the Castle, not forgetting "Mr. Dies," it seemed to Di Sir Ower watched her more narrowly. than usual.

"We have not known each other very long," said Sir Owen, as the show, having ceased, they set off homewards, "but I wish you would let me congratulate you on your engage."

Di started au or bea

Di started.
"You must be mistaken," she said; faintly, quite forgetting Mr. Delamere.
"I think not. Gordon has no secrets from me, and I know he is hoping to be married as soon as he has his promotion. I confess it puzzles me he san stay to long away from his flances; but

flancie; but

"Sir Owen," said Di, brightly, "Dick
and I have been brother and stater all
our lives; and to tell you the trate, he is a
good deal dearer to me than my own proper
brother. You must have listened very indiffe rently to poor Dick's rhapeodies, or you would know that his betrothed has black hair and dark eyes. She is wdear little thing; but she hasn's a penny, and as Dick can's quite keep her on a captain's pay, you see they must wait

"Do you really mean you are not engaged to him?"

me is order ever since I can remember, and he has been in love with Myra for years."

"I know," he said, "he was engaged to his

conste!"

"Can you for give: me?"

"For believing me engaged to Dick? I don't know that it was exactly an injury.
Dick is a very good follow, and I am very fond of him."

"Then you have scheart?"

"People say not!"

"Never mind people; answer me. Di, will you give yourself to me?"

Llove you! All these weeks, while I thought you belonged to Dick, I have known I am not rich, and, hopeless as it was, I leved you!

I am not rich, Di, as men count wealth. My income is five thousand a year, all told, but no wife shall ever be more loved than you if only you will say you will be mine."

And Di's voice was half choked by, a sob as

she whispered that she loved him.

Of course, it was wrong—wickedly wrong, as atrict moralists adjust truth—but then,

poor little Di had some excuse.
She had henestly refused John Delamere, since she had told him she did not love him, and only reluctantly consented to his suit be-cause she saw him introuble, and, womanlike, yielded to his distress what she had refused

She had told her friend Beryl Vernon she did not "feel" like John's future wife. Now here was a man she loved as her own soul, asking for her troth. Should she refuse it because for five minutes she had suffered

because for five minutes she had anfered another to address her as hie fiancle? Mr. Delamers would be generous and recase her, she never doubted. She saw before therself a very painful interview, what the French call a mavais quart dheure, but she never doubted that, once endured, all would be well. And then she forgot all else, as, in the gathering darkness, alone together in the deserted grounds, Sir Owen took her, in his arms, and sealed their betrothal with passionate tripses.

arms, and seated their betruthat with passion-ste kisses.

'You shalf have your own way in all things," he whispered, fondly. "Only, my derling, I come of a jealous race, you will not try me too far. It will be torture to me if

"You continue your directions now."
"I shall not want to now," whispered Di.
"You don't understand. I used to feel as though I hadn't a heart at all, and now—it is all different."

all different."

"You know, I was decived once," breathed Sir Oven. "It nearly broke my heart. "For twelve long years it embittered my life." Di, be merciful; don't let me be disappointed a second time."

"You never shall."

"To know," he said, fondly, "in woong the bells of last season I oppose myself to trials. I know that my darling might have been a dactors. "I have been that Lady Diana Leigh has refused lovers by the dozen; but, Di, tell me fust this one thing. They tell me not one of those you dismissed could accuse you of deceiving him; that, bright and satractive to all, you never gave one cause to think you now stars me severance has black harr and of deceiving him; that, bright and attractive ark eyes. She is a dear little thing; but she to all, you never gave one cause to think you are penny, and as Dick can't quite keep cared more for bim than the rest. 'Dr, tell me ar on a captain's pay, you see, they must wait this is true. 'Dearly as I love you, I should be miscrable if I thought my happiness was "Do you really mean you are not engaged by another's 'misery.' It would break my heart to give you up, but I would "Engaged to Dick! Why, he has kept rather to it than any man should have it in

his power to say I tempted the girl he loved from her promise to him." Poor Diana.

Here was an opening to tell the truth. Firmly as he spoke Sir Owen loved her, and had he heard the real story of her last interhad no heard the real sorry of the first view with Jack Delamere, he must, in fairness to her, have admitted the promise so rashly given did not demand as much faith as an ordinary engagement.

He was but human, and he must have suffered her, at least, to tell Mr. Delamere the truth, specially as no hint of mercenary mo-tives could be breathed, since his rent-roll was not a fifth of poor Jack's, and, baronet though he was, he came of a poor Scotch family, and his bride's surroundings would be far less stately than those which awaited the mistress of Whiteladies, the fairest estate in Blank-shire, and which had belonged to the Delameres for centuries.

But poor Diana was blinded by love. To her Sir Owen meant the whole world. She would not, could not, speak the word which would send him from her side.

Coquette though people called her, ambitious as her sister in law deemed her, she yet stooped to falsehood only from love, because she could not bear the thought of losing her happiness. It was wrong, of course—all false-hood is; but, surely, Diana's fault was less than though she had sinned for riches, rank,

or power! She put her little hand in his, and spoke the fatal words without a tremble of dismay. "Indeed, I am quite free. I was never engaged to anyone. I never loved anyone but

She spoke the last part of her answer firmly—for that, at least, was true; and, as he firmly—for that, at least, was true; and looked down into her sweet, blue eyes, Sir Owen felt that fate had been kind indeed in sending him to Langlands Castle, and giving him this peerless girl for his bride.

"I shall speak to your father to night." Di's lip quivered. False as she had been to poor John Delamere, she yet wished herself to tell him of her breach of faith—not that the fact of her engagement to Sir Owen should reach him as common news when he arrived in Blankshire.

"Please wait," she whispered. "There is no hurry; and I should like to keep our

mecres."

Sir Owen looked at her in bewilderment.
"Do you think the Earl will object?" he asked, anxiously. "He has been so kind to me, and he always struck me as the least ambitious of men."

"He will be delighted!" whispered Di. "He and mother have wanted someone so

"There, no 'buts,' dear!" said her lover, fondly. "I should feel a dishonourable wretch if I slept in Lord Langlands' house without salling firm his daughter has accorded me. Di it I steps in Lord Langiands' house without telling him his daughter has accepted me! Di, how you shiver, dear! Do you feel cold?" "No; oh, no. But it is all so new and strange. Owen, will you love me always?"

"Till I die!" he answered, firmly. "I am not good at protestations, darling! but you may trust me, my word is my bond; that is the motio of our race." the motto of our race.

Diana shivered again. True she was not a Menteith yet, but she was going to be. Would not some fearful calamity break on her head for having so terribly wandered from the traditions of the race?

The Earl met them in the hall.

"I thought you were lost in the snow! It kept us out a full hour longer than I expected; and such a pity, too. I missed young Dela-

"Why, Mr. Delamere is in America!" ex-

"He returned to day. The afternoon train,
I suppose. He left word he wanted to see me
on very particular business, and would call
early to morrow. Di, what's the matter,
child? You look as if you had seen a ghost!"
But Sir Owen, who fancied his fiancée's

"She is tired and cold, I think, Lord Lang-lands," he said, smiling; "but I hope rest and warmth will put her to rights. And now will you let me come into the library for a few moments? I have something important to tall you!"

rushed upstairs, locked herself in her own room, and burst out crying. One hour engaged to a man she dearly loved, certain that her parents would heartily approve of her choice, she yet sobbed on as though her heart was broken.

A tap at the door.
"Go away, Pauline!" thinking it was her
aid. "I don't want you. I can dress my-

"It is Beryl!" said her friend's voice. "The Countess has sent me to you, Di. Mayn't I

Like lightning there flashed across Di's mind a scheme for her deliverance. It was selfish in the extreme, but she did not pause to think of that. After an hour of blank despair, it was happiness even to see a possible deliverance.

And her welcome of her friend—always warm

—was even more affectionate than usual, as, opening the door, she dragged Beryl in, and

opening the door, she dragged Beryl in, and flung herself into her arms.

"I think Heaven must have sent you, dear!" she cried. "I was at my wits' end, and no one can help me but you!"

But when poor Miss Vernon heard the help required of her, she was inclined to think Heaven had not sent her to the Castle that particular November afternoon, and to wish herself devoutly back in her father's shabby house.

CHAPTER III.

Miss Vernon had been delighted when, in compliance with an urgent message from the Counters, she had been spared to stay for a whole week at the Castle; but as she listened to Lady Di's petition she almost felt inclined to rush home again and home that the castle. to rush home again, and brave the storm of inquiries and curiosity which would await

You always get me out of scrapes," said Di, in her pretty, caressing way, when she had told Beryl of the confession she had made in her love affairs. "You won't refuse to help me now? You know Mr. Delamere. Oh, Beryl! if you love me, contrive to see him

neryll if you love me, contrive to see him before he comes here, and tell him he must not speak to my father till he has seen me." There was a troubled look in Beryl's large brown eyes. She loved Di very fondly, but every fibre of her heart shrank from the task allotted her.

"You ought to see him yourself, Di. You ought, indeed. If you are resolved to break his heart, he ought, at least, to know it from yourself."

"You are very wicked to me!" said Di, tearfully. "You don't seem to understand. Mr. Delamere knows I don't love him. I told

"But you promised to marry him!"
"That was before I had seen Owen."

Beryl looked troubled.

"If he loves me," protested Di, "he would rather lose me than break my heart; and it would break my heart to marry him!"
"Yes," said Beryl, slowly, "I think you are right there, Di. It would be wrong for you to

right there, Di. It would be wrong for you to marry Mr. Delamere while you care for someone else; but you owe him an explanation."

"And I am ready to give it him," said Diquickly. "But for his sudden return, and leaving that message he wanted to see papa on business, I could have managed. Now if you refuse to help me, Beryl, just see what will happen. I can't waylay Mr. Delamere in the grounds. Sir Owen would go with me as a matter of course if he saw me start. Besides. matter of course if he saw me start. Besides, what I have to say to Jack can't be said in a public place, open to any interruptions. If you soon t help me he will come to the Castle and ask paps for his daughter. It will all come

pallor arose from agitation, took the explana-tion on himself.

"She is tired and cold, I think, Lord Lang." Worthless thing, and my whole life will be lands," he said, smiling; "but I hope rest blighted."

blighted."

Beryl looked at the pretty spoilt child and yielded. There were few things she would not have done for Diana, but in this instance she could have refused all entreaties but for the consciouses her opposition could not save Mr. Delamere from the blow that awaited him. Whatever happened Di would not keep the property of th her promise to him, so it was better, surely, he should learn his misfortune in private than before his frail sweetheart, to her father's anger and her lover's scorn. What do you want me to do?"

Di hardly recognized the voice, it was so weary; but prosperity had spoilt the beauty just a little, and she now thought of sparing her friend.

"Only contrive to meet Mr. Delamere before he reaches the Castle, and give him this mes-sage. He is not to speak to my father until he

"And when can he see you? Di, let it be soon. Think of the suspense you will be adding to his sufferings; take pity on him,

"Beryl, how romantic you are!" said Di, a little petulantly. "People don't go crazy for love in these days. I am quite as anxious to get this business over and feel asfe as you can be. Tell Mr. Delamere I shall be at home to morrow till twelve. He knows my little sitting. room. I must see him there; and, Bervl, do be

"I will remember your message word for word," said Beryl, slowly; "but Di, I don't think you are wise. If Sir Owen is at all jealous, it seems to me you are preparing a great sorrow for yourself in keeping such a secret

from him.

"No one knows it but you, Beryl, and I would trust you with my life. Now you have promised, and I mean to be happy again, and not worry myself about Mr. Delamere. I know I have been unkind to him, but I think, after all, it must be better that I have found the property of the property out my heart at last, and saved him an unlov-

ing wife."
She looked her best when she went down to dinner, her dress of some soft creamy satin, a mass of filmy lace made her look like a

a mass of filmy lace made her look like a veritable fairy.

Sir Owen could hardly take his eyes off her as he led her up to the Countess.

"You will trust me with your treasure," he pleaded eagerly.

"Oh, Lady Langlands, I little knew when I accepted Gordon's invitation what happiness I was to find in Blazk-

"We will trust Di to you willingly," said ne gentle mother. "I am glad she has found "We will trust Di to you winner, sent the gentle mother. "I am glad she has found her heart at last, Sir Owen, and I know you will take care of her."

"The best that heart and life can," he answered gravely, "and she is not afraid of the years between us."

She looked afraid of nothing that night, Beryl, watching her, thought she had never seen her look so lovely.

The girl whom love and happiness seemed

seen her look so lovely.

The girl whom love and happiness seemed to have passed by was given to read the signs of both in other people, and she knew this was no idle fancy of Lady Di's, but a genuine, fervent attachment. The beauty had found her heart, and given it all to this brave soldier.

"If only she had met him sooner," thought poor Beryl. "If only he had oome while she was free. He looks just the man to make her happy, but there is something stern in his face, and I don't think he would ever forgive a falsehood. Poor little Di, things will go hardly with her if ever he finds out the truth."

Lord Langlands alluded to Jack Delamere more than once during dinner time, telling his wife the servants saw there was a broad black band on his hat, so that it was evident his aister's illness had ended fatally.

"He would hardly have come home in such a hurry else," said the Countess. "There is

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zive a ill go amere ing his black nt his n such ere is no great attraction for him here. He was such a stranger to Blankshire in his uncle's time that it can't seem home to him. I wish he would marry and settle down. Whiteladies wants a mistress."

would marry and settle down. Whiteledies wants a mistress."

"I wonder what he can want to see me about," pondered Lord Langlands. "He never struck me as a man fond of business; perhaps he wants to enter some of his cattle at next year's agricultural show, but it's full early to think of that."

"Mr. Delamere is a farmer then?" asked Sir Owen. "Is he a young man?"

"Under thirty. Yes, he's fond of farming, but he is rather restless and unsettled. He came into his estate a few months ago. Till then he had been a poor man, for his uncle nated him like poison, and wouldn't allow him a shilling. I'm fond of the lad, but I wish he would settle down. He always strikes me as just the sort of fellow to go to the bad if any misfortune overteok him."

"Mr. Delamere is a gentleman," objected the Countess. "No noble in the land could be more so."

be more so."

"I know," admitted her husband, "the Delameres are an older family than ours, but they're often a trifle wild. It runs in the blood. Jack had to work for his bread till he came here, and it kept him steady. He hadn't time to be discontented. Now, with thirty thousand a-year, and more money in the funds than he knows how to spend, if anything crossed him he'd be sure to grow wild."

"Why should anything cross him?" ques-ioned Lady Langlands. "He is one of the most sweet-tempered men I ever met."

Despite her usual self possession two bright pink spots burnt in Diana's cheeks during the latter part of this conversation. Sir Owen noticed them, and later on that evening, when, with a lover's privilege, he had lured her into the conservatory, he asked, anddenly

"Mother is not a match-maker."

"The property joins your father's. It would have been a most charming arrangement," and Sir Owen spoke just a little scorn-

ment," and Sir Owen spoke just a little scornfully.

"Would it? My dear old father, of course it would be charming to live near him; but, Sir Owen, I never think of it without pain. But I know, in the course of nature, some day my brother must be master here, and his wife—hates me. Mother knows this, so I don't think, even if she were the inveterate match-maker you think her, she would plan for me to spend my life as Sybil's nearest neighbour."

"I have met Lady Leigh."

"I have met Lady Leigh."
"Then I hope you hated her."
"I fancy I do," and Sir Owen laughed; "I fancy I do," and Sir Owen laughed;
"but, Di, you never answered my question.
What do you think of your mother's
paragon?"
"I think he is very nice," said Diana,
soberly; "and I have a very nice little plan
in my head about him. I want him to marry
Beryl."
"Miss Vernon!"
"She is good anough for a duke." said Di.

"Miss Vernon!"

"She is good enough for a duke," said Di, eagerly. "Oh, Sir Owen, if you love me, you must be good to Beryl. She has been snubbed and put on all her life. She is made a complete drudge by the second Mrs. Vernon, who has ten unruly children—no, I think it's only nine—and I think I should be quite happy if I could see her mistress of Whiteladies."

"I don't think you will."

"Why?" and Di's amazement was perfectly gennine. "You have never seen Mr. Delamere, and you have met Beryl only twice. What in the world makes you fancy they would not suit each other?"

"Nothing. They may each be what the other most admires; but, Di, I have not lived all these years without understanding human

nature just a little? Your friend has done her wooing."
"Beryl—why she never sees a creature."
"She has seen someone," returned Sir Owen. "You take my word for it, Di, Miss Vernon may not have confided in you, but she

"She looks good and true," he answered, gravely. "The sort of woman who is faithful unto death, but I don't think her attractive."

unto death, but I don't think her attractive."
Lady Diana, in spite of the guilty conscience which cught to have kept her awake, fell asleep as soon as her golden head touched the pillow, while poor Beryl tossed restlessly about, unable to close her eyes, uncertain whether even now, at the eleventh hour, she ought not to recall her promise, and insist on Diana herself bearing her own message.

She looked so white and tired when Di came in the next moraing that the beauty's heart smote her just a little.

"I know I am a wretch to send you out on such a morning, Beryl," she said, penitently; "but yet how can I help it when there is so much at stake?"

The rain was falling in a heavy, steady

much at stake?"

The rain was falling in a heavy, steady drizzle; the weather had completely changed; not a trace of yesterday's snow remained; the grounds were wet and muddy; the sky had that peculiar leaden tint which betokens a hopelessly bad day.

"Never mind!" said Beryl, practically, knowing she owed Diana's pity to the bad weather, not to the misery of her errand. "I can take an umbrella. What time do you think I had better start, Di; directly after breakfast?"

breakfast?

breakfast?"
The Langlands were not early risers. If the Earl had a fit of industry, and was down betimes, he would take a private cup of coffee in his study; but the regular breakfast hour was ten, and Miss Vernon could not be served earlier without provoking comment.
Whiteladies was only five miles from the Castle, and Mr. Delamererode one of the fleetst mares in Blankshire. He knew the Earl's habits, and could hardly arrive before eleven; but after that he might appear at any moment.

"Yes!" said Di, slowly, "I think so. Directly after breakfast. I hope you won't get wet, dear!"

get wet, dear!"
But there was yet another question to ask.
"He is sure to insist on seeing you at once.
Shall he come straight to the Castle?"
"Yes: I shall be in my cwn little sittingroom. Depend upon it. Beryl, he won't mind
half so much as you think."
"And if I miss him?"
Diana strod a hast.

Diana stood aghast.
"You can't miss him!"
"I might," said Beryl, slowly. "What then?"

"I shall send Pauline to tell James the library is engaged, and Mr. Delamere must be shown up to me."

shown up to me."

It was an uncomfortable meal for at least one of the party.

Beryl thought it the longest she had ever endured. She was conscious that Lady Di's eyes were fixed on the clock, and that she judged every minute's delay; but the Earl and Countess liked to linger over their hospitable table; and the day being hopelessly wet they had no temptation to hurry away.

Sir Owen, who sat next Diana, asked her to practise some duets (intended for a charity concert next week) with him in the music-

room.
She excused herself, but not with perfect success. He admitted her plea of writing letters, but evidently thought these might have given way to his desire for her society. It was over at last. Beryl in hat and ulster turned out into the drenching rain. Diana having intrusted Pauline with her message, took up her abode in her own room, with the satisfaction of knowing the library windows did not face the drive and to Lord Langlands, and her lover would not witness Mr. Delamere's arrival. Delamere's arrival.

Pauline was used to the young lady's caprices, and attached no evil thought to the instructions. She knew that Mr. Delamere had been very intimate with the Castle family, and it seemed quite fitting to her that Lady Dians should wish to console with him on his sister's death.

Eleven o'clock, and no signs of Mr. Delamere, and Beryl was still absent. Her return would have guaranteed Diana's safety, for that day at least; but the absence of both her ambassadress and her dreaded visitor left the beauty a prey to a hundred alarms.

beauty a prey to a hundred alarms.

John Delamere would certainly come some time that day, and she could not be sure her father would remain shut up in the library. He might meet his guest in the hall before Pauline's errand was accomplished, or Lady Langlands or Sir Owen might grow anxious for Di's society, and seeking her in her own sanctum interrupt the momentous interview.

At last she saw the figure of him she so dreaded, yet so desired to meet. Mr. Delamerehad evidently left his horse at the Lodge, and walked up the short cut to the house.

Probably Beryl had missed him after all.

Probably Beryl had missed him after all.
Di drew a long breath when she heard a manly
step on the stairs, and realised Pauline had
not failed her. Another moment, and she stood

not failed her. Another moment, and she stood face to face with the man she had betrayed.

"My darling!"
In an instant he would have taken her in his arms; but Di was too quick for him. Sinking on her knees she raised her starkke eyes to his face and faltered,—

"Forgive me!"

"Diana!"

"I could not help it!" she whispered with

"I could not help it!" she whispered, still kneeling. "Indeed, indeed! I meant to be true to you, but you see I had not seen him!"

Mr. Delamere raised her gently and placed her on the sofa.

her on the sofa.

"Idon's understand!" he said, in a dull, faroff sort of way. "You promised to be my
wife. I have not been gone five weeks, and
now your first words of greeting are 'forgive
me!' What does it mean?"

She sobbed out her story, and he listened.
He was an impulsive, passionate man, and his
first impulse was to fliegher from him in disgust
—to go straight to the Earl and Sir Owen with
his story, and let them both know her for the
frail, worthless thing she was; but Jack
Delamere, with all his faults, was a gentleman.
He could not betray a woman who implored
his mercy. his mercy

He could not hold up to scorn a creature wholly in his power; besides, there was one excuse—just one for her. She had told him from the very first she did not love him."

"Why did you not write to me?"
"It only happened yesterday, and I was afraid."

afraid."
"You know your mind this time, I suppose.
You won't be enacting a similar scene in another month with Sir Owen in my rôle, and an unknown wealthy stranger in his."
She flushed at the taunt implied.
"You have no right to say that. Despise me if you like; but money has nothing to do with it. Sir Owen is far poorer than you!"
"And you love him?"
"And you would have the in your hands."

"As my own life. My fate is in your hands, Jack," using the old name unconstitutly. "He will never speak to me again if he knows how I have treated you."

"Yet he loves you?"

"He loves bonous more, and he is is leave."

"Yet he loves you?"

"He loves honour more, and he is jealous."

"Then," said Delamere, with a strange, softening of voice and manner, "you had far better tell him the truth. Tell him I resign in his favour. Put all the blame of our brief engagement on me; but for your own sake tell him, lest he ever find it out."

"I cannot! Oh, Jack, be merciful to me and spare me. Keep my secret!"

"I will keep it!" said Delamere, alowly, after a long pause; "but what am I to do? Your father has my message, asking to see him on important business. At this very moment

he is probably expecting me. What am I to

say to him ?

But Diana heard only the first words, will keep it !" and the relief and gratitude fairly overpowered her. Taking the young hand in hers she pressed it passionately

to her lips.
"I shall be grateful to you all my life!"
It was at this moment that Sir Owen open the door. Behold the spectacle which greeted his eyes. His betrathed wife in close prox-imity to a very handsome man, whose hand she kissed as she vowed himeternal gratitude! The position might have amazed a less jealous lover. Sir Owen's judignation knew no bounda

And this is the important correspondence which engaged your time this morning, Lady Diana? I must beg to resign all claim on it in future, since this gentleman evidently—" He was interrupted. Lady Diana, with one

glance at Jack Delawere enjoining his silence, was ready with her defence. "This is Mr. Delawere, Six Owen!" she said, with such simple straightfordness. One man wondered if she were the same creature knelt at his feet and implored his mercy, while the other was softened in part of necessity, and began to fancy there might be some satisfactory explanation, after all, of the strange scene he had winnessed, as he bowed sulkily, and permitted the beauty to

Dians always said the story she invented to pacify her jealous lover was an inspiration, but the two who became her vioting some times fancied, if so, it was an inspiration not

from Heaven, but from a very different place.

As a fact the little scheme had been floating in Lady Di's busy brain ever since the saw her friend the night before. She had matured and improved it while waiting for Jackthough, to do her justice, she never meant to fall back on it unless all else failed her. "You surely recollect !" she went on, ad-

dressing Sir Owen, and steadily avoiding Jack's eyes—an easy test enough, as the poor-fellow kept them fixed on the ground, ..." You can't have forgotten papa expected Mr. Delamere this morning on business ?!!

Lord Lauglands is expeeting him still, said Sir Owen, drily. "He has no idea you are entertaining the gentleman in your boudoir." Di smiled on him in the most artless way.

"It happens I guessed Mr. Delacaure's buttoness, and Thompupa would throw cold water on.
it, so I got the first talk with him my self. He is in love with my favourite Beryl, and as she is in a measure papa's charge while she is staying here, you know he was going to propose indue form. Now pape hates Mrs. Vernon; and would be sure to tell Mr. Delamere that not at all Beryl's sweetness would companyate him for being connected with such a woman. Now / think Beryl good enough for a prince, and when I found Mr.Delamere thought so too, I felt so grateful I-

"Gave him a very pleasing token of regard!" concluded Sir O ven; with a smile.
"Mr. Delamere, pray forgive my rudanau; but when one fixe all one's hopes on one so much admired as Lady Diana, jealousy be-

He put out his hand, and Jack took it unwillingly enough. He thought Lady Di had acted cruelly; but he had not it in his heart

to betray ber. Miss Vernon carries goodness in her face," said Sir Owen, warmly, "You must let me congratulate you on your choice, Mr. Dela-

" But his choice is not successful yet !" said Di, lightly. "He was just going to papa when you interrupted uses farcely. I will send him off to the library at once; and Owen," coaxingly, "couldn't you go and find Beryl for me? She is with mother in the drawing room, I

Sir Owen went at once. All suspicion had left him. He closed the door on the two as though reselved to show them how perfect was

"How could you do it ?" asked Jack. "It will all come out now. You know perfectly I am no more to Miss Vernon than she is to me.I

"You must go on with it!" pleaded Di "just for my sake. Only keep up the farce a very little time. I am to be married early in the year, and on my wedding-day you will be free to break your engagement !

But --- !

"No buts! It is the only way to save me If you consent I will answer for Beryl. Why Jack, it is only a mere form-like a stage engagement, which ends with the fall of the ourtain. Sir Owen is an impassent lover, and on my wedding day you will be free to A moment's solitude was all Diana had

before the second victim appeared before her. Beryl, growing alarmed as the time passed, had wandered down to the Lodge, where the sight of John Delamere's house told her her errand was fruitless. She walked back quickly to the Castle, changed her wet things, and joined the Countess, whose conversation, though full of affectionate kindness, was almost tor-ture to her, so anxious was she, to know how

things were going with Diana.

Sir O wen's face, as he gave her his sancte's message, told her at least this much—he knew

message, told her at least this much—he knew and suspected nothing.

She found Di leaning back in an arm-chair, a strange feverish light in her eyes. She looked like one playing desperately for some great stake, as indeed she was.

"Is it over?" asked Beryl, wistfully. "Did he mind very much? Will he keep your

The keeping of it depends on your side,"

and Di told her all that had happened,
"Oh, no!" said the girl, faintly, "anything
but that. Pretend to be Mr. Delamere's
betrothed. Why, is would be misery to me!" "You don't love me," said Diana, reproach:

"You don't love me, said brans, representatively, "or you would not make such a fuss. Why, in two months' time I shall be married, and then you can break off the engagement." "Could I, really?"

"Of course I Engagements are broken every day. If only you will do this for me, Beryl, no harm can come of it. Mr. Delamere is a gentleman, and will understand you have only yielded to save my happiness. You are always wanting to leave Langlands, here will be an wanting to leave Langlands, here will be an excuse. Of course, when you have broken with Mr. Delamere, you can't be expected to stay in the place where he lives! You will not only be giving me all that I most prize; you will be prosuring your own escape."

"It seems such decett!"

"It is not," said Di, stoutly. "He knows seriectly well you only consent to the form to oblige me. It is no more deceitful than for two amateurs to play any drama with a love story in it. It's just the same sort of thing!"

White to her very lips had grown poor Beryt. The work assigned her was hateful to one of her open, truthful nature; but, also I she had a

deeper reason still for her reluctance.

Di had geessed right. The poor child did
love John Delamere, and it was this secret
which made it so bitter for her to enact the

part of his fiancie.

"I hear steps," said Di, desperately. "You must decide. My fate is in your hands."

"But why should I not refuse? "said poor Beryl. "If Mr. Delamere proposes to me he have explained his business with Lord

Langlands, and your gratitude and —"
"Sir Owen is too quick," said Di, petulantly,
"He will see at once it was planned between

"He will see at once it was planned between us. No, Beryl, you must choose. Accept Mr. Delamere and secure my happiness; refuse him, and condemn me to life-long misery. I shall send him to you here."

She went out, and a mist seemed to come before Baryl's eyes. She was as some benighted traveller who cannot find his way. Soon—all too soon—Mr. Delamere stood before

"Lady Diana has told you?" he asked,

He looked on the ground, in the fire, anywhere save at the girl before him.

"I would not for worlds say a word to influence you. Of course, if you can bring yourself to consent, you save what Lady Dians has so much at heart, and for my part I will pledge myself to make the pesition as little disagreeable to you as possible."

"Then you approve of this—this comedy?"

"Then you approve of this—this comedy?"
"No. I would rather have told Menteith
the truth, but the Lady Diana refuses. She has carried her deception so far now that I fear unless we accept the parts she gives us there is great trouble in store for her." "I think she loves him."

Delamere's lip curled.

Delamers's lip curied.

"Better than anything in the world except herself. Miss Vernon, when I rode here this morning. I believed in Diana Leigh as the ideal of womanly truth." Well, now, I can actually pity Sir Owen. Her faculty for deception is something marvellous."

Beryl fancied the young man was mistaken. He probably still fored Di, but since she was out of his reach tried to fainty her worthless.

out of his reach ried to fairly her worthless. It seemed to Miss Vernon only another version of the fox and the gapes; but she was not there to argue with fift. Defamere—she had a far heavier task.

"You are sure you wish it?" she asked gravely. "For me Thats the thought of such a plot; but I have loved Di all my life, and she has been so happy and so cared for I cannot bear to think of seeing her in trouble, and

"And so, until she becomes Lady Menteith, you will graciously consent to be regarded as my fiancie? Miss Vernon, I am very much obliged to you!"

Surely the strangest interview ever known! At another time, Beryl might have been alive

to the comical side of it.

She and Mr. Delamere had been friendly acquaintances before, but now every attempt at conversation seemed impossible. To her it was as though the power of speech had left her.

"I shall go over to the village this after-noon and see Dr. Vernon," said Mr. Delamere, presently.

Must you tweet doss

"Of course!" and he drew himself up to his full heighth. "He has a right to expect it."

pect it."

It was hard to meet Lady Langlands' motherly carees, and listen to the whispered congratulations. It was harder when the Earl drank the health of the future Mrs. Delamere, and to have Mr. Delamere paired off with her on all occasions. To be given ample tete-a tetes, and every opportunity for affectionate privacy, was simply terrible. Yet Lady Langlands was only acting, as the thought naturally, in sending Mr. Delamere to show Beryl the new ferns in the winter garden, and the Earl meant only

in the winter garden, and the Earl meant only kindness by dispatching Beryl to belp Mr. Delamere write letters.

If only the elderly couple had seen the behaviour of the two when alone they would

have been a little surprised.

They sat as far apart as possible; Beryl mostly working a strip of embroidery for the children's pelisses, and her lover looking mostly on the ground.

"I am very sorry," said the girl, timidly, on one of these occasions; "but Lady Langlands would send me here. I couldn't help it?"

Delamere smiled half sadly.
"Of course not. They judge us by Lady

Diana and Sir Owen. They are very grateful for such good offices ?"

Dr. Vernon drove over the next day, and was allowed a private interview with his

daughter.

Her father's frank delight at her brilliant

prospects almost out Baryl to the heart.
"It has been a trouble to me all these years," he confided to her, "to see you overworked and little thought of. But what could I do? I was a poor man, and my wife de-clared you were the only one old enough to be needed. It was true enough; and yet it has

hurt me to see my first born's life made such a toil. But all that is over now. The mistress of Whiteladies will never need to soil her fingers; and, what is better still, John Delamere is one of the finest fellows I ever met!"

Beryl's heart-chood this statement.

"And you are pleasted, pape?"

"Delighted, my dear! You will be a terrible loss to us, but I must think of you. The position is beyond my wildest dreams! Why, after the Countess, you'll be the leading lady of the place! And, Beryl'—here, though he looked little a subject for romance, the good doctor's voice faltered, "what pleases memost, he must be taking, you as I took your mother—just frem. mere love. I've often regretted I had no portion to give you, child; but, being permiless, you've got this satisfaction—you've been sought only for yourself; and Mr. Delamere's not the man to think lightly of his wife because she came to him without a fortune." without a fortune."

Lady Langlands brought in the fiance. He showed to far better advantage talking to the doctor than tete-d tete with Beryl.

John was a man so hearty and honest, so maelfish and disinterested, he made friends

wherever he went.

The dostor, who had known him very slightly before, left the Castle in rhapsodies with his future son-in-law.

CHAPTER IV.

THE weeks glided on, and Diana Leigh THE weeks glided on, and Diana Leigh kept her secret. It seemed for once deceit was to prosper, and the guitty triumph, since the spoilt beauty was simply intensely happy; while the gentle girl who had been dragged into an engagement solely to screen Lady Direlt sadder and more perplexed each day that fied. Beryl had consented to save her friend hurriedly, and without realizing all the difficulties in which she involved herself. It seemed to her, poor child, each day brought some fresh dilemma. She was still at the Castle Lord and Ledy Langlands had headed some fresh dilemma. She was still at the Castle, Lord and Lady Laughands had pleaded for her company till their daughter's marriage, and Mrs. Vernen's consent had been raged singly exterted by the reflection it would be unwise to offend the Counters; but though to receive Mr. Delamere's visits at her own home would have been far more embarrassing than to meet him at the Castle, poor Beryl found herself exposed to a great difficulty. The Counters had declared her intention of presenting Miss Vernon with her trousseau; and each fresh gift, as it came home, was like a stab to poor Beryl, while she was almost thankful for her fiance's recent bereavement, since but for his sister's death Lady Langlands would have openly anggested a double wedding.

Lady Langlands would have spenly suggested a double wedding.
Diana helped her unforture to driend in this. The moment her mother began to hint there might be two brides on the twenty-eight of January she said decidedly Mr. Delamere could not think of being married till his sister had been dead six months, and that May being proverbially unlocky the ceremony must be put of till June.

put off till June.

"I havedone you a good turn," said. Diarolly to Beryl, when they were alone, arolly to Beryl, when they were alone, "Mother would be us spoken etraight out to Mr. Delamers but for my intervention. Now I shall be gone in January, and you have four clear months before you in which to quarrel, and break off the match—only you never do quarrel. You are the most peaceful couple I ever met!"

"Di!"

"There's no need to blush so, no one can hear. I have been thinking seriously, Beryl, why shouldn't you go en with the engagement just to please yourselves? I can see Mr. Delamers is so horrified at my deceit he has quite set when the my deceit he quite got over his unlucky perchent for my self; and you know, Beryl, you are really a dear little thing. Any semiple man would soon grow land of you."

But sine had gone too far. Gentie as she was, Beryl had her pride.

"If you ever hint at such a thing again," she oried, passionately, "I will go straight to Sir Owen and tell him everyshing."

"Well, I won't, then," promised Diana; "but really, Beryl, it would be a charming arrangement for both of you, and I—don't think you hate Mr. Delamere!"

Dians was quite right in saying John Delamere was cured of his love for herself. Perhaps it had been too violent and passionate to last, or the rough awakening he had had killed it; but he could now see Sir Owen and his fiancle together without a simple

It cost him no pain to hear of the prepara-

Lady Menteith.

There is an old saying that many hearts are caught in the rebound. Jack did not know it himself, but he was an example of its

truth.

truth.

The long title à titles so generously afforded him with Beryl had ceased to be irksome. He never paid her a compliment. He never speke a word of love to her, but he liked to talk to her. He discussed with her his future planshow he should stand for. Langlands at the next election, and hoped to make a name in Parliament. And at other times he would tell her of his youth-of the hard fight it was before he inherited his models wealth; and now and again he would speak tenderly of the pretty little sister, who had left him a happy bride, only to wither and fade beneath the severity of a Canadian climate.

"But she was happy!" he always concluded.

"But she was happy!" he always concluded.
"I think no one could have been happier.
Her husband was one of the best fellows I ever met, and he just worshipped her. I wanted him to come to England with me, but

wanted him to come to England with me, but he couldn't get away. I must go over there again some day. It seems to me I have nothing left dearer to me than poor Tom and the grave where my Rose sleeps."

But though he spoke of his fature—though he alluded now and again to his life at Whiteladica—he never mentioned whether that life was to be a lonely one.

If Lady Langlands had heard him she would have wondered he did not allude to Beryl's share in it; while Beryl herself was puzzled he said nothing of the rupture that was to come between them when "Lady Dis little comedy was over," and char secret safe.

little comedy was over," and her secret safe.

He never did. On the contrary, from hints He never did. On the contrary, from hints he dropped he seemed to regard Beryl's friendship and intimacy as certain to be his. This was the worst part of all. If they could have gone on in their supposed engagement indefinitely, the first embarrassment over, Beryl could have endured it; but she knew that all the same word come the question of

But she had gone too far. Gentle as she ras, Beryl had her pride.
"If you ever hint at such a thing again," this line of excuse aside, there remained only be oried, passionately, "I will go straight to

some personal matters.

But the most punctilious person could not have accused John Delamere of flirting with another girl, or of neglecting his fancée. He was not a demonstrative lover, Lady Langlands confessed, nor was he an ardent one, but he always treated Beryl with a marked consideration. He consulted her tastes, anticipated her wants. There was nothing in his speech, manner or actions which would give Miss Vernom an excuse for breaking with give Miss Vernon an excuse for breaking with him; and poor Beryl, fairly at her wite end, besonght the fair coquette who had got her into the scrape to assist her out of it.

It was a very grand weeding, an Earl's only daughter's could hardly fail to be. Lord and Ludy Leigh were among the guests, and the latter almost forgave her sister in law. She had always been haunted with the fear. Di would make some brilliant match, and take

procedence of herself.

It was quite a relief for her to choose a merebaronet, and the Niscountees had other reasons
for being glad to see a wedding-ring on that

pretty finger.

She did not think either the Earl and Countess likely to live to old age, and she would have hated to see Diana an inmate of heavy hated to see Diana an inmate of heavy. would have shown up every dawin Sybli's own face and figure; besides which, Lord Leigh had married very early, and in seven years his eldest daughter would be ready to courtesy

Only fancy, it Sybil's first born (at present a plain sallow looking child of ten) had had to enter society with for bor rival an aunt whose charms even her jealous sister in law knew, would have increased rather than faded at

twenty seven

So' Diana's wedding pleased everyone. The sallow child of ten and her next sister were sailow child of ten and her hex usiter were amongst the bridesmuds, who also numbered Dick Gordon's pretty functe; but to John Delamere's mind, not one of the six attendant dameels equalled in grace and refinement the cameers equated in grace and reinfement the girl who were his own engagement ring, and whose lips he had never touched, however much he might have deceived himself before he awoke from his dream. When he saw Beryl among that white-robed group, he loved her not wildly, as he had worshipped Lady Diana, but with a fervent, sincere affection which he knew would last his life.

knew would last his life.

He loved her, and she was engaged to him, yet no man, ever fell more hopeless about his suitchan John Delamera. To begin with, he knew Bergl was quite aware of his devotion to Lady Diana. How could he make her, believe that, though he had cared for her beautiful indefinitely, the first embarrassment over, Beryl could have sedured it; but she knew that all too soon must come the question of marriage. Only Mrs. Peyton's recent death had saved them from it. Already she was determined of ene thing before John's mourating was over, before the Countess could hint at haste—the engagement must be dissolved. So soon as her friend was Lady Diana Menterith the play should be ended. But how?

Diana had said glibly enough dozens of engagements were broken every year, and that there was no disgrace attaching to the parties who broke them. But Beryl thought these said parties must be very differently between the counters of the parties of the parties of the parties of the counters of the superior side objected—two with wills so strong both insisted on the mastery! In each and all of such cases she saw a repture might be brought about without creating soandal or surprise; but, alas I her case was different. In years she and Mr. Delamere were well suited. Both were gently born, and though he was very wealthy and she the child of a poor man, there was no actual social gult between a squire and a physician's daughter.

John longed to exchange it for a real; solumn troth, to make the semblance a reality, to be lovers henceforward—not in other people's

eyes, but in their own:

"Beryl, I want to talk to you."

The happy pair had departed. The guests from the neighbourhood had taken deave; those staying at the Castle were in their own.

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first. Beryl felt a little like Cinderella ever

since that snowy day.

When Diana engaged herself for the second time Beryl had lived at the Castle as luxuriously cared for and tended as Lady Di hergelf.

To-morrow she was going home to the shabby red-brick house, and the life of pinch-

ing and petty economies.

Lady Langlands had at first pleaded for a longer stay; then she suddenly changed her mind, and declared it was most natural Beryl should wish to be at home,

should wish to be at home.

This change of sentiment, springing entirely from a fancy of the dear old lady that Mr. Delamere, finding his daily sights of Beryl well-nigh an impossibility, and his title d-tetes with her utterly at an end (there was but one sitting room in the Doctor's house besides the nursery) would become a more impatient

Schooled by her daughter, she admitted they could not suggest his marriage so soon after his sister's death; but if he chose to propose a very quiet ceremony himself, it would be just the best thing in the world, both for him and Beryl.

for him and Beryl.

Not being in her godmether's confidence poor Beryl felt quite hurt at the old lady's willingness to lose ber.

There never had been any sympathy between the girl and her stepmether, and ahe dreaded returning home; besides, she must first accomplish the task which had haunted her for days, and tell Mr. Delamere their comedy was over.

She started from her reverie to see Jack close beside her. He always called her "Beryl," (he had told her at first it was necessary for their soheme, later on he had

cessary for their scheme, later on he had ceased to think of her by any other name than that of the beautiful, old-fashioned way) but no one had ever heard her use, either in speaking to him, or talking of him, the name of John.

She roused herself at once.

"And I wanted to see you," she said, gravely, with just the least emphasis on the pronoun.

"Do you know I am going home to-morrow?"

"So soon! Whatever for? Can't you stay any longer?

She smiled half wistfully.

She smiled half wistfully.

"It is not soon, really. I came for a week, and I have been here nearly three months! My home is a very different place from this, and I think I have been away from it long enough. I might get used to luxury if I stayed at Langlands Castle much longer."

"Then I shall come over to see you at the doctor's," returned Mr. Delamere, quite naturally. "I have a great deal to tell you about the election."

the election

"You forget"—she thought it cruel of him to leave the whole task to her, but she would not shrink from it—"Diana is Sir Owen's wife now."

"I know that," said Delamere placidly,
"and a very prestyfbride she looked. It's a
pity, though, he's such a jealous nature. Men
like him ought to fall in love with plain women.

women."

Baryl smiled faintly, but went on bravely,—
"It was in this room, just ten weeks ago,
you and I (to save one we both loved from a
great trouble) agreed to pose as—as a betrothed pair. You promised me then to let
the difficulties of the position weigh on me as
little as you could help, and I must thank you
for keeping your word; but Diana is married
now, and the need for this subterfuge is over.
That is why I wanted to see you—to give you. That is why I wanted to see you—to give you back your ring, and—to say good-bye."

A moment's silence, and he burst out, 'pas-

"I won't take the ring, and I shall not say good-bye. What need is there to alter things? I am well content, I assure you, and if you will only try and put up with me, I think I could make you happy at Whiteladies."

He feared to speak of his love. He thought

she would tell him the love that could change its object in ten weeks was nothing worth, and his very delicacy and diffidence ruined his

Beryl misunderstood every word of his speech. Instead of seeing the deep love hidden in it, the great humility born of that love in it, the great numiny born of that love praying her to "put up with him," she thought he was offering her a placid friendly regard if she could put up with his regrets for his lost love, and, worst of all, that he alluded to Whiteladies as a hint of what she would gain by marrying him.

No suit was ever more generously expre one ever more firmly refused.

"I am infinitely obliged to you," she answered, slowly, "for the honour you offer me, but it is impossible."

answered, and a special control of the control of t

gently,
"I am sure you would be very good to me, she said gravely. "But, you see, I do not want to be married at all. I know I am only a country girl, who has seen nothing of the world, but I am sure no marriage was ever happy without love on both sides,"

"You might learn to love me in time," said

Jack, gloomily, not thinking it necessary to add what he felt she must know, that the love on his side was not wanting. Beryl fancied he thought she was yield-

ing, and her reply was firmer. Her very heart ached for love of him as she spoke, and yet her answer was the simple truth.

"I could never learn to love you, Mr. Dela-

mere !

He looked at her keenly. You mean there is som eone else!"

"There is no one else in the sense of engage-mentor marriage," said Beryl quietly; "but I have given my heart away, and I don't think a woman can love twice. When Lady Diana insisted on this semblance of betrothal I felt we were both free from danger. You had your hopeless love for her as safeguard, and I had

given away my heart."
Mr. Delamere took another turn up and down the room, then he stopped abruptly in

front of Beryl. "Are you sure?"

"Are you sure?"
"Quite sure!"
"You don't seem unhappy or miserable,"
said Jack, simply. "I always thought girls
who had had a disappointment were horrible.
Perhaps the man is to send for you when he

Beryl smiled, half wistfully. Beryl smiled, hair wistinly.
"I would rather not speak of it," she said, gravely; "but I don't want you to take up any mistaken fancy. I am not at all miserable, and I don't consider myself disappointed. He whom I spoke of was engaged to some one else when he left Langlands, and—I shall

never marry!"
"I should like to horsewhip him!"
"What for?" asked Beryl, smiling, "Because he preferred another face to mine? You

cause he preferred another face to mine? You must try and forget I even spoke of this, Mr. Delamere. I only did so to make you understand why I decline your offer!"

"I wish you wouldn't," said Jack, dolefully.
"We should have suited each other so well; and if you persist in breaking with me we can't even be friends. Just fancy, neither of us have quarrelled, yet if you will throw me over we shall be just like enemies."

"I shall never be your enemy!" said Beryl, with a sudden blush, which made her look lovely for the moment that it lasted, "And you know if you go into Parliament you will

you know if you go into Parliament you will be a public man, and I shall be able to read of

your triumphs and rejoice at them !"

He did not look in the least like triumphs then, and bethought himself of a fresh grievance on the spot.

asked, irritably. "Don't you know that Lady Langlands has been making plans for our wed-ding ever since—ever since that wet November day. And the Earl is always telling me Whiteladies will be his favourite halting-place when you are its mistress. Do you want them to think me a villain? And your father—whom I respect as much as I did my own—what am I to say to him? You should have thought of that!"

"I have!" said poor Beryl, faintly. "I have thought of it for days. Of course, I must take all the blame!"

"You shall not!" he returned, promptly. "No one shall ever breath a word against you in my hearing, and if the question crops up I ahall tell everyone I am ready to marry you to morrow! You take the blame! A pretty thing indeed!"

Beryl's face dished. She had forgotten her "taking the blame" would mean Mr. Delamere dissolving the engagement because he thought her unworthy to be his wife. It had never dawned on her before that both must suffer before this little comedy of dramas was

It was simply impossible for either of them to bear the whole reproach of the rupture, for one must break the engagement, and the other e supposed the culprit. Whose conduct had led to the step?

"Tell me what to do !" said Beryl, faintly, "and, oh! be kind to me, my head see

splitting !

He put her back on the sofa very gently.
"You are quite sure," he asked, quietly,
"that you must take this step? You won't be
content to come to me and let bygones be by-

By which he must have meant the past love of each.

Beryl shook her head.

"I campot !" "Then you had better tell your father you do not care for me sufficiently to be my wife. Blame me as much as you like, Beryl, be assured I shall never contradict one word you

He had risen to leave the room. He had risen to leave the room. Oh! how she longed to put out her hand, and beg him to stay with her! She loved him so; yet even at that moment she knew the pain of parting from him was as nothing to the agony she would have suffered at his side a loving but unloved wife.

I have read in many novels of women whose biographers have declared they would rather spend their lives beside the hero who had no grain of love for them than become the idolised wife of another man.

CHAPTER V., AND LAST.

CHAPTER V., AND LAST.

January faded into February, February gave place to March. The London season had begun, and society papers chronicled the first drawing-room, and noticed the beauty of Lady Diana Menteith, presented, "on her marriage," by the Counters of Langlands.

No rumour of the bride's new triumphs reached the shabby, red-brick house, where Beryl Vernon patiently went through her old routine of humble duties, no longer brightened by an cosational visit to the Castle, and taunted ever and anon by such kindly speeches from Mrs. Vernon as, "Pride must have a fall," "beggars mustn't be choosers," and from Mrs. Vernon as, "Pride must have a fall," "beggars mustn't be choosers," and others of a like nature.

Lady Diana's little comedy was over, but its consequences remained behind. Di, in her London galeties, her husband her

Di, in her London gaiesies, her nusband her devoted lover, her parents proud of her new splendour, never thought to inquire as to the fate of the girl who had been her playfellow. She knew, of course, the engagement was broken, but she never asked further.

And Lady Langlands would not distress Diana with the story of her old friend's

errors. The Countess had spoken very sternly to iss Vernon when the girl informed her "What am I to tell the people here?" he Miss

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simidly she had given Mr. Delamere his free-

dom.

Lady Langlands' displeasure continued, and Beryl began to be thankful she was so busy with home duties, for abroad friends looked harshly on her, except the good old Rector and his strong-minded sister, Miss

nold duties.
"Miss Jane," said Beryl suddenly, one night, "do you think anyone would have me as a governess? I learned a good deal, you know, and I would try so hard to get the children or." children on.

children on."

Miss Jane took off her spectacles and stared hard at Beryl. Was it fancy, or had the girl's face really changed of late? She was prettier far than in the old times, but it was not a beauty a mother would have prized.

"They're mighty fond of proverbs at your house, Beryl," said Miss Jane, utterly ignoring the question. "Do they always forget the one about the shoemaker's wife being worse shod than her friends?"

"Whet do you mean Miss Jane?"

shod than her friends?"

"What do you mean, Miss Jane?"

"Why, that if you hadn't been his own daughter, but someone else's, Dr. Vernon would have been dosing you with port wine and bark long ago. What have you been doing to yourself, child? I've fancied you looked pale for ages, but to night you look just like your mother."

And that mother had died in decline. Did

And that mother had died in decline. Beryl recollect that as she smiled wistfully, -

Beryl recollect that as she smiled wistfully,—
"I don't think I'm very strong, Miss Jane. I get so tired, and oh!"—there were tears in the poor girl's eyes—"I am getting to hate Langlands!"
Miss Jane did not wonder; but she was not going to enter into that question.

"You want a change!" she said, briskly.
"I shall go down and talk to the doctor tomorrow. I am thinking of a trip to Hastings, and he had better lend you to me for the month I am there!"

"The children!" said poor Beryl, faintly.
"The children got on without you while

"The children!" said poor Beryl, faintly.

"The children got on without you will be you were at the Castle," said Miss Jane, quietly; "and they would have had to get on somehow had you married Mr. Delamere."

"But you see it is the coming back. Mrs. Vernon says now I am only a burden coming home when none of my grand friends want ma!"

"You leave it to me, my dear. I've a nasty whitlow on my finger, and I meant to go round to the doctor in the morning. I'll talk to him, you see!"

But both the whitlow and the trip to Hastings would never have been mentioned to the doctor had it not been for Beryl's wan, white

face.

Miss Jane Jespised people who rushed to a medical man for small ailments, and always declared the air of Langlands was good enough for her from January to December; but she had a generous heart, and (rare combination) plenty of money.

She could not see Beryl Vernon fading away under her eyes wishout a word of remonstrance; and, knowing the doctor's wife pretty thoroughly, she felt she should best evade that lady's suspicions (Mrs. Vernon loved to open

the door) could she declare she wished to see

the door) could she declare she wished to see the dootor as a patient. The interview was long for a consultation about a whitlow, but it ended satisfactory on both sides.

"Beryl shall go with you!" declared the dootor; "and thank you for your kindness; but, my old friend, I don't think it's sea air the girl needs. She seems to me to have been fretting ever since she came home!"

"Well,you know," said Miss Jane, shrewdly, "people do say home isn't made very pleasant to her. If you ask me what's the matter I'll tell you in one word—love!"

"But she sent him away. I know the rupture came from Beryl."

came from Beryl."

came from Beryl."
"Well, anyhow, I fancy no one but John
Delamere will ever cure your daughter. What's
become of him by the way?"
"He's at Churton Park canvassing diligently. People say he's sure to win the seat
there. I suppose he'll come home to Whiteladies in triumph?"

become of him...

"He's at Churton Fall
gently. People say he's sure to win shere. I suppose he'll come home to Whiteladies in triumph?"

"I'll take Beryl away first, please!"
But though Dr. Vernon smoothed over his wife's objections, and assented to all Miss Jane's plans, the fates intervened, and Beryl idd not go to Hastings without a meeting with her sometime betrothed.

She had been to Snettisham on some commissions for Mrs. Vernon, and the train home being inconveniently crowded, a friendly guard bestowed her in a first-class carrises, and tired!"

"I am ill!" she answered, still in that low voice. "And because things will soon be ended, I should like to tell you the truth. We both made a great mistake the last time we met. I thought you wanted to marry me out of pity. You fancied I cared for someone else!"

"No. I told you I could never learn to love you, it was true, because"— he could hardly a Diana's bondoir two months before, met again, and Jaok's heart filled with pain as he saw the matter?—have you been ill? Why did no one tell me?"

"Beryl!" he cried, hoarsely, "what is the matter?—have you been ill? Why did no one tell me?"

She smiled a little wistfully—just the smile he knew so well.

"I am going to take Beryl to the Rectory," said Jack, as naturally as though they had parted the day before. "And, after that, I want to talk to you. Shall you be in about seven?"

"Yes. But—"

"Yes.

doesn't?"

"I don't think I shall ever be well again," said Beryl, gently. "People say that I am like my mother, and ahe never had a regular illness. She was only tired like me!"

Mr. Delamere shut both the windows, and threw a heavy rug over Beryl's knees as though he thought cold was the danger which most threatened her. Then be said eagerly,—"You must get well!"

"I don't want to," said Beryl, simply. "You see there isn't much worth living for !"

"I used to feel that!"

"But you have gained your ambition. You are an M.P. I saw your name at the head of the poll yesterday?"
"I am member for Blankshire," admitted Jack; "but I have not gained my ambition.

"You mean Diana?" said Beryl, quietly.
"I hoped time would have reconciled you to

"It didn't need time," he rejoined quickly.
"I was cured of that foolish fanoy years ago, before ever she was married. Beryl, you sgo, onore ever sne was married. Beryl, you know perfectly well why I am unhappy? Why, even yesterday's success can't make me glad!" "Indeed, I do not know it. I never dreamed you had any other trouble but the loss of Di!"

"Bother Di !" said Mr. Delamere, roughly "Bother Di!" said Mr. Delamere, rougnly,
"I don's believe I ever loved her. It was just
one of those wild infatuations which, if not
checked, hurry a man into a reckless marriage,
and blight his whole life! I was fascinated,
bewitched by Lady Diana, but I did not love
her. I never loved any woman in my life,
Beryl, but you!"
"Ma! You loved me?"

"Me! You loved me?"
"Didn't I tell you so? And you assured me you coald never learn to love me! You had given away your heart! I am not a murderous man, Beryl, generally, but I own I should like!

to wring that fellow's neck! I believe you are just fretting your heart out for him!" "I am not!"

"And you actually did not know I loved von 2 1

"You never said so. You promised you would try and make me happy. You never mentioned love!"

mentioned love!"

"I thought you would understand it. The love was there. Hasn't it kept me away from Whiteladies all these weeks, because I could not bear to be so near and yet so far?"

"I wish I had understood!"

"Would it have made any difference? It is not too late. The love is there unchanged;

but," with a sudden change of voice, "I forgot. It was love on both sides you insisted on; and you gave yours to that other fellow!"

Still he had Beryl's hand, and she never

"Yes. But—"
"I've no time for explanations!" said Jack as he placed Beryl in his own carriage, which was waiting; and, lowering his voice so as to be only heard by the doctor, "I meant to be very angry, for you've let her half kill herself with hard work and fretting; but, as I feel too happy to grumble, I won't try; but I am sure, sir, you have too much to do, and I mean to relieve you of one duty forthwith—and that is, the care of Beryl!"

Miss Jane was allowed to take her favourite to the seaside after all, for Jack Delamere decided it would be painful to Beryl to be married in Langlands Church without her old friends the Earl and Countess.

So, before Miss Jane's whitlow had had half enough of Hastings' salt water, she found her self travelling alone back to the Rectory, after attending avery quiet wedding at an old church near the sea, which changed penniless Beryl Vernon into the mistress of Whiteladies.

So happiness came at last to one who had waited long for it.

The new member for Blankshire was in London with his bride when Parliament met after the Whitsun recess. And, though delicate and needing care, society pronounced Mrs. Delamere one of the most charming debutantes of that year.

Lord and Lady Langlands were easer in their friendly overtures; and though Jack declared he should never forgive their harshness to Berel, yet happiness made him so far

ness to Beryl, yet happiness made him so far relent that when Parliament dissolved, and its members could enjoy the country, there was very frequent intercourse between the Castle and Whiteladies.

Lady Diana Menteith never exactly apologieed to her friend for all she made her suffer; but there is no quarrel between them, only Mrs. Delamere leads a quieter, more domesti-cated life than Sir Owen's wife; and it may

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be for this reason. The two, once inseparable, now meet rarely. Perhaps, though Diana-feels that her reckless ways, her dashing society manners, and her slight (?) inclination to deceit, which pass unnoticed by her adoring husband, are all marked by Mrs. Delamore, and so she avoids the pair on whom she once entailed such ornel suffering by her listle comedy, as she was pleased always to style, "Beryl's Engagement."

THE END.

FACETIÆ.

FAIR games-Croquet and lawn-tennis. The softest county in Ireland-The County Down.

THERE is no tick in the silent watches of the night.

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it?—Quick.

It is easy to break into an old man's house, because his gait is feeble, and his looks are few.

AUNT: "It seems you visit me only when you want money." Nephew: "But, my dear aunt, I surely couldn't call more frequently."

THE inmates of deaf mute asylums ought to be well developed muscularly, if fami-liarity with dumb belles really tends to that reault.

No Mose Half-Mousning.—"Why do you wear two coats?" "Why because my nucle died yesterday, and my aunt this morning, and I must wear double monrning."

THE NEW YORK Sun says: " The favourite wickedness at present is safe breaking." This rascality is performed by those who have no particular business, but, are best known as a Jack of vauls raids.

WHY SHE COULDN'T USE HER OPERA GLASS .-Husband: "Did you bring your opera glass with you?" Wife: "Yes; but I can't use it." Husband: "Why net?" Wife: "Oh, I left my diamond rings atthome."

ECONOMY IN DRESS, -Dressmaker: 41 There doesn't seem to be stuff enough here to make a train three yards long." Society Belle:
"Dear me! How much more is needed?"
"About half a yard." "Well, take it off the

READY WIT .- " Do you speak French?" asked a gentleman, when examining the qualifications of a Hibernian candidate for the office of travelling valet. "Not exactly, sir," was the reply; "but I've a consin at home who plays the German flute beautifully."

"Which of Shakespeare's plays do you like, ir. O'Flanigan?" "Well, I like the Irish Mr. O'Flanigan ? " he best." "And pray which may those "Are you so ignorant as that, me son? ones the best. Sare yer eddication's been eadly neglected ! Why, O Thello, Corry O Lanas, Mick Bets, Katharine Pat Rushie."

LEGAL LORE IN TEXAS. - A man was recently examined at Galveston for a license to prec-tice law. "In order to constitute a last will what is essential?" asked the lawyer who. was questioning the applicant. corpse and some property are all that is necessary," was the reply,

A SMART HIT .- At a public dinner a distinguished statesman was placed between Madame de Stael and Madame Recamier. "How lucky I am!" said he; "here am I seated between wit and beauty," "And without possessing either the one or the other;' observed Madame de Stael.

Two London swells quarrelled, and one expressed himself thus: "Why, do you mean to call me a liar?" "No, sir, "said the other, "I should not like to call you a liar, or any gentleman a liar. At the same time, if I met you walking with Ananias and Sapphira, I should say you were in the besom of your family."

CHRISTMAS is called the time of good cheer, which may account for Christmas being a hollerday.

The ordinary young father thinks as much of the first baby as he does of the next seven out together.

A NEW novel has lately been published in raised letters for the use of the blind. It is said it evoked a great deal of feeling.

The palaces of Europe are getting the reputation of being haunted because some of the rooms are hung with Gobelin tapestry.

I surran dreadfully from ennui, doctor," said Mr. Bohre. "Do you still retain your old habit of talking to yourself, sir?" queried the physician, innocently.

THE CORRECT VERSION .- Mrs. H .: " Norah did Mrs. Richly leave any message when you told her I was not at home?" Norah.: "No ma'am, she didn't; but she looked very much pleased."

"Mx dear, your mouth is a perfect poam,"
"Oh, how can you say such a thing as that?"
"Well, it is like a popular poem at least. It
is so widely red." And the matrimonial meroury fell forty degrees at once.

REVIVALUE: "My son, when that great day comes, where will we find you—with the sheep or the goats?" Small Boy: "Jiggered if I know. Ms, she says I'm her 'little lamb,' and pa calls me the 'kid,' so I s' pose I'll have to give it up."

"Yes, boy," said old Bellows, proudly beating his breast, "I've been a soldier in my time, and if I do say it myself, like the war horse of Scripture, I could ever seen the battle from afar." "I s'pose," ventured young Paperwate, "that on very many occasions that saved your life."

This is the season of the year when you may hear men softly bumming the following lines under their breath :

"The melancholy days have come, The saddest of the year; It's a little too hot for whisky neat, And a little too cold for beer,

THE AUTUMNAL SQUARE-UP,-Paterfamilias "Will you be in the neighbourhood of the gas office this morning?" Son: "Yes, sir." "Then I need not go around there. Just drop in, tell them we have returned from the soun try, would like to have the gas turned on, and get a bill of the amount consumed while it was prned off.

CLEARLY ANOTHER PERSON.—"What did you find in the pockets?" inquired Mrs. Hank-thunder, anxionaly. "There was a small hymnbook," said the coronar, "together with a handkerohief, some postage stamps, a few tracts on total abstinence" "It wasn't the colonel," exclaimed the lady, greatly relieved; "he's probably coming by the next

A MEAN MAN, -" Smith is a mighty mean A Mean Man.—"Smith is a mighty mean man, I say!" exclaimed Jenkins, warmly. "Way, what has Smith ever done to you?" asked Blenkinsop, surprised. "But me ten pounds I couldn't hit a barn door with a revolver at five paces," said Jenkins, angrily. "Taunied me into taking him up. Got me to put up the money. Measured off the five paces in presence of a lot of witnesses. Gave me a revolver, loaded, and then set the barn door up edgewise." door up edgewise.

AN ADVANTAGE FOR THE ACTOR -The Actor An ADVANTAGE FOR THE ACTOR—The Actor:

"Ah! it's all very well for you fellows to talk
about my being the pet of the public, the idol
of the aristocracy, the spoiled child of royalty
itself; I admit all that. But remember that my art dies with me, whereas your pictures, your poems, your speeches remain to show the round out, old man. So you score again."

The statesman and the poet: "Hear! hear!"

And who is the rider of the bast horse? "Tom Jones, Painter: "What overrated duffers we were in the nineteenth, eh? Whereas you'll never be sir." "And who is Tom Jones?" "I am, the nineteenth, eh? Whereas you'll never be sir." The general could not help laughing, but he gave a sovereign to his informant, who received it without moving a muscle.

THERE'S nothing like leather, excepting of MASISTRITE: "Solyon admit having been course, the upper crust of the young wife's engaged in making counterfeit money?" engaged in making counterfeit money?"

Prisoner: "Yes, your honour; you see, the supply of the genaine article is so very, very

> A PARTIAL REFORMATION .- "What are you here for?" was asked of a coloured man in gaol. "Stealin' a pig, sah." "But you knew better than to steal?" "I'll know better next time, sah. I won't steal nuffiu' dat will squeal on me."—American Paper.
>
> Makino it Right.—Customer (to head

> on me."—American Paper.
>
> Making it Right.—Customer (to head waiter): "Here, sir, this clumsy follow has spilled over half of my cup of tes down my back." Head waiter (to clumsy waiter, sternly): "Bring this gentleman a full cup of tea instantly.

> Heartenders - Rutal Clergyman (sympathetically): "Terrable accident, terrible wasn't it? Six men blown to atoms with nitro-glycerine?' Undertaker (tearfully): "Heartrending! Not enough left of the for a funeral.

> NATURAL FRANS.—Husband (a bank cashier alightly under the weather): "If I should be taken away from you, darling; would it really be a very great blow to you?" Wife (sobbing): "Oh, dear John, I hepe you haven't been fooling with the bank funds."
>
> MEDICINE ENOUGH.—Patient Wife (of sick

man): "Mary, bring in a glass with two table-spoonfuls—"Biok Mun: Darn your homeo-pathic doses. You want to let me die for wantof medicine, don't you, Mary; bring in the glass half ful." Wife: "This ien't the whisky, dear; it's the cod liver eil." "Oh!"

Ther were a newly-married Irish couple, and, the "better half" being ill, the husband did the cooking. Said Barney: "Och Biddy dear, I've boiled a nice pot of praties! But I'm afeared there's somethin the matther wid Im! Whin I put thim into the watther they had beautiful whoite eyes, an' now that they're out, they're black ones!" Said Biddy nin bed enjoying Barney's dilemma: "Barney, Barney, ye haven't put enough salt in the watther to kill 'm, and 'they've been fightin' wild war another!" wid wan another!

Scene—A public dinner. Brown is seated next to Smith, whose shirt front is decorated with three magnificent diamond (?) stude.

Brown: "Excuse me, Smith, but I can't help admiring those stude of yours." Smith:
"Yes; I think they are pretty good." Brown: "Don't you think you run a great risk with them? I suppose you have them insured?" Smith: "Insured? No, I should be glad to do so, but there isn't a company in existence that will take a risk of that sort." Brown:
"My dear fellow, I beg your pardon—there are several plate glass insurance offices in London."

"Now, Susie," said Mrs. Smythje, as her little girl started out to take her music lesson, little girl started out to take her music lesson, "I want you to practise faithfully, and some day, perhaps; you will be a prima donna." The next day Sasie handed her the following manuscript: "I most chearfully recommend your scap as the nicest scap I ever used. Yours sincerely, Susie Smythje." "Why, what does this mean, Susie?" asked her mamma: "O, I've been practising to be a prima donna," replied Susie, with a quiet smile.

An English general, in reviewing a corps of cavalry, suddenly stopped before a splendid-looking fellow, and asked, abruptly, "Which is the best horse in the regiment?" "No. 40, is the best horse in the regiment?" "No. 40, sir." "What makes you think he is the best horse?" "He walks, trots, and gallops well; is a good jumper; has no vice, no blemish; carries his head well; is in his prime." "And who is the best soldier in the regiment?"
"Tom Jones, sir." "Why so?" "Because
he is an honourable man, is obedient, tidy. takes good care of his equipment and his horse, and does his duty well." "And who is

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SOCIETY.

For years the Queen of Denmark has been credited with wishing to provide the Czare-witch with a bride from among her grand-daughters of Wales. Her Majesty's own children are connected with so many faithe, and yet it may seem strange to her that whatever can be blessed by one set of priests come under the ban of opposition parties. Be it observed, though, that the Grand Duke-Paul of Russia is about to marry Princess Alexandra of Greece, the daughter of his first come of the prince of the prince of the first come of the prince of consin, Queen Olga.

cousin, Queen Olga.

It is now decided that the Czar and Czarina will "go south" for the benefit of their nerves, which have been sadly upset by the recent railway accident. Medical men strongly advised a sojourn in the Riviera. Political reasons forbade the Czar sojourning on French soil; but he was very anxious that the Czarina should benefit by the air of Mentone, and pressed her, though in vain, to proceed thither without him. Now it seems probable that a few months will be spent in the Crimes.

THE Princess Frederica of Hanover is settled at Biaritz for the winter. She took timely warning, and fled from the dangarous attractions of Paris without delay.

The Empress Frederick, it is rumoured, says Modern Society, will not return to Germany until the month of March, when she will take up her residence at Villa Reiss in the Taunus Mountains.

The Pope sent the Emperor of Austria an autograph letter of congratulation by Monsignor Galimberti, and a magnificent picture of the Virgin and Ohild, in mossio, executed entirely at the Vatican, and said to be worth

The baptism of the little Scanish Infant came off with much pomp; but Queen Isabella was not there after all. It is said that political reasons have caused the delay of her return to Spain. At any rate, the Queen-Regent did her best to fill up the gap, gracing the ceremony in a magnificent costume of black velvet, with a mantilla of Chantilly lace, fastened to her head by fine diamond stars, and a magnificent necklace of eight rows of pearls.

THE wreath, by-the-way, which Queen Christina laid on her husband's tomb on the Consists and on her austand's form on the concasion of the Commemorative Mass at the Chapel Royal on the anniversary of King Altonso XIL's death, was an enormous coronal of pansies and laurel, the effect of which was very beautiful.

A Large and fashionable congregation met in St. Peter's Church, Eaton square; for the wedding of Gilbert G. Blane, Esq., of Folie-john Park, Berks, with Mabel Angusta, daughter of the late Admiral the Hon. Keith Stewart, C.B. Captain C. F. Blane, R.A., brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man, and in attendance on the bride were eight bridesmaids. The bride entered the church shortly after the appointed the church abortly after the appointed hour, leaning on the arm of her consin, the Earl of Galloway, who afterwards gave her away.

her away.

The bride was handsomely dressed in bodice and train of white striped moire and estin brocade, with skirt of white satin edged with a thick ruche, and entirely draped with a thick ruche, and entirely draped with beautiful Brussels lace, a sash of satin, the ends of which were fringed with orange bads being knotted on the left side. She wore tiny sprays of orange flowers in her hair, and a Brussels lace veil fastened with diamond sprays, the gift of Mrs. Gilbert Blane. Her ornaments included also a riviere of diamonds (the bridgeroom's gift), which was tastefully arranged in her hair, and a large diamond Maltese cross fastening her dress at the throat, another gift from Mrs. Gilbert Blane. Gilbert Blane.

STATISTICS.

England with a population of 26 000,000, had under 5 500 students at her universities in had under 5.500 students at her universities in 1882. Germany, with a population of 42,250,000 had over 24,000 university students. That same year the United States, with a popula-tion of 60,000,000, had 66 437 students in colleges, 4,921 in schools of theology, 3,079 in law schools, and 15,151, in medical schools total, 89,588.

law schools, and 15,151, in medical schools total, 89,588.

RAHWAY ACCIDENTS.—The return just published by the Board of Trade brings the tale of accidents and casualties on railways up to the end of September last, and contains the statistics for the first three quarters of the present year. In that space of time there were 74 passengers killed and 983 injured, a return which will compare favourably with 100 killed and 992 injured in the corresponding period of last year. The servants of companies or contractors also suffered less in mortal injuries, 275 having been killed as against 297; though the otherwise injured amounted to 1,547, which exceeds the number of the former year by 42. Adding to these two classes the other casualties, such as persons passing at level crossings, trespassers, suicides, and others, we find the number of deaths was 648, as against 672, and of slighter injuries 2,703 as against 2661, in the first nine months of 1887. If accidents occurring on the premises of railway companies, though not occasioned by railway vehicles, be added to the above, the total number of accidents reported to the Board of Trade during the nine months amounted to 697 killed and 6,086 injured. months amounted to 697 killed and 6,086 in-

GEMS.

THE most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasures

THE best form of responsive service is that which consists in putting a good sermon into good practice.

If I can put some touches of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, then I feel that I have walked with God.

CHERRYELNESS throws sunlight on all the paths of life. Peevishness covers with its dark fog even the most distant horizon.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

Borax.—Half a pound will drive cock-roaches out of any house. A large handful of the powder to ten gallons of water will effect a saving of fifty per cent. in soap. It is an excellent dentrifice and the best material for cleansing the scatp.

Scurr or Dandruff.—Into a pint of water drop a lump of fresh quicklime the size of a walnut; let it et and all night, then pour the water off clear from sediment or deposit, add a quarter of a pint of the best vinegar, and wash the head with the mixture. It is perfectly harmless: Only wet the roots of the hair.

Waterproperty Chara—Pat helf a pound

WATERPROOFING CLOTH.—Put half a pound of sugar of lead and a like quantity of pow-dered alum into a bucket of soft water. Stir

dered alum into a bucket of soft water. Stiruntil clear, and pour off into another bucket, into which place the cloth or garment. Soak for twenty four hours and hang up to drywithout wringing. This process is said to be very effective.

Ege Fire—Take three eggs, a quarter of a pound of good moist angar, and a pint and a half of beer. Beat the eggs with the sugar, make the beer very het, but do not let it boil, then mix it gradually with the beater eggs and sugar, toss it to and fro from the saucepan into a jug two or three times, grate a little nutmeg on the top, and serve it. A wineglass of spirits may be added, if liked.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It has been found that a goose can bear the weather until the mercury falls to sixty-feu below zero, but succumbs if it goes lower. It takes a fall of twelve degrees more to kill a wild duck.

wild duck.

Hattingoing up not in form, but in price.

White hair is particularly scarce and dear.

This is very different from gray hair, which is common. Real brown or golden hair that has not been "doctored." bringsnearly as much.

An ingenious inventor has devised a new screw—half nail and half screw; two blows of the hammer, two turns of the screwdriver, and it is in. Its holding power is said to be three hundred and thirty two pounds, against two hundred and ninety eight pounds, the holding power of the present screw.

A PECULIARLY novel letter has just been sent by an inhabitant of Bath to a friend at Trow-bridge. It was written in shorthand on the back of a postage stamp, the address being in ordinary writing. The missive was dropped into the letter-box at the General Post-office, and was duly delivered at its destination.

Ruskin says: Men's proper business in this world falls mainly into three divisions: First, world lais mainly into three divisions: First, to know themselves, and the existing state of things they have to do with. Secondly, to be happy in themselves, and in the existing state of things. Thirdly, to mend themselves and the existing state of things, so far as either marred or mendable.

marred or mendable.

The intended Waterloo monument in Brussels to be erected in memory of the English dead progresses very favourably. The Belgian Committee have now closed the fund, and Count: Lalainge, who, will execute the memorial, says that the money collected will be ample. Altogether contributions came from 406 British residents in Belgium, and 1,254 subscribers in Great British, while the British-Government gave £500. A working Committee has been formed to arrange the details, under Lord Vivian, British Minister at Brussels.

at Brussels.

The works of the coming Paris Exhibition progress so satisfactorily that the head officials declare confidently that every French department will be ready, and absolutely complete by the opening day, May 5th, 1889. The ordinary admission-fees will be one franc during the day and two frances in the evening, except on Sunday, when only one franc will be charged. Season tickets will cost 100 france (ch.) for the ordinary unblic, and 26 be charged. Season tickets will cost 100 francs (£4) for the ordinary public, and 26 francs for members of the various commistees. Meanwhile, the varions designs for the diplomas and medals are being exhibited at the Paris Hotel de Ville. There are 150 sketches, mostly poor, and showing no great originality.

ratis hotel de ville. I here are 100 sketones, mostly poor, and showing no great originality. The Eiffel Tower appears in many of the designs, and visitors are highly amused at one sketch representing a crowd of inventive geniuses, the centre figure being a man in Roman, costume with a little locomotive tucked under his arm.

Lono Sackville's household effects were sold by auction on his departure from Washington, and attracted the biggest crowd ever seem in the British Legation, so the New York Herald tell us. Three shousand people struggled for cards of admission, and the crowd were so eager to obtain relies of the British Minister that they often paid about prices. The big ball-room "locked like a bazar with a junk shop extension," and the lots overflowed into the dining-room, while at the top of the staircase the large portrait of Queen Victoria looked downon the motley assemblage over a green hedge of tail plants, arranged as a barrier to keep people away from the upperpart of the house. The fashionable public a barrier to keep people away from the upper part of the house. The fashionable public thought the Minister over thrifty in offering thought the minister over-thrity it defined for sale such trifles as Christmas tree decolfictions, favours from balls, and even the fancy bakets which had been sens with flowers to the young ladies of the family. Nor did they rate his wine-cellar very highly.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FRANCES.—Decidedly too young. Wait another year a a-half at least.

E. A. M.—He had better serve the term, and produc no papers whatever. They would be of no use.

Young BEGINNER.-1. The recipes have been give quite recently in "Household Treasures." 2. Fair.

THIRD STANDARD.—The back rent can be recovered any time within six years from the date it was due an action in the County Court.

Brown Laby.—1. Lavender gloves may be worn by gentlemen in a ball-room. 2. The gloves should be worn after supper to the end of the dancing.

Marx.—It is probably due to indigestion, in which case you should consult a doctor. Some skins, however, are peculiarly susceptible to atmospheric changes, in which case there is no cure.

TONY's SWEETHEART.—1. Any music-seller would inform you, or obtain the information for you. 2 The friends can claim the body, and no doubt it would be handed over to them: 3. Moderate.

"INA RIVERS."—I. You should be pleased unless you are considered to carry it to too great an extent. 2. You appear to have a proportional figure. 3. Yes, but you spell the word "passable" incorrectly.

NELL AND DAPHNE.—Morning might go in a light, silver-grey flowing robe covered with silver tissue, and an electric star in the hair. Night should be dressed in a robe of black velvet covered with star-shaped spangles and a train, and with a silver haif-moon in the hair, and, if becoming, a grey, gause well. Both may carry a

H. L.—The following is stated to be one of the best recipes to strengthen the hair:—Eau de Cologne 2 os., tincture of cantharides 2 drachma, oil of lavender-10 dreps. Rub well into the scalp once a day. The hair should be kept out rather close for a while, and should be thoroughly well brushed at least twice a day. 2 Gut a good copybook, and practise continually.

a good copybook, and practise continually.

UNDECIDED.—Surely, if he loves you as he should, as you are so soon to be his wife, he will give up these questions ble anusements for your sake. Try your utmost to persuade him; and, if you fall wholly, you had better tell him what you have told us. It is better to be wise in time, however much it may cost you. Marriages where all the real love is on one side are seldom, if ever, happy ones.

if over, happy ones.

POLLY.—I. You are quite correct. THE LONDON READER was established at the date named. 2. It is the girl's duty to tell her father; and if the fellow has promised te marry her, he ought to be made to smart. His conduct is abominable. 3. Flatulency means suffering from a particular form of indigestion. The second word, we presume, is alumina, which is the oxide of a metal known as aluminum. Cardiac means "pertaining to the heart." Amemia is a disease arising from want of sufficient blood in the system. 4. A great deal depends upon what the dropay arises from. It should not be taken without the doctor's permission.

taken without the doctor's permission.

May Queen.—1. Not necessarily too heavy, but quite heavy enough. 2. Most injurious; leave it off at once. 3. We derive the use of the holly and mistictoe in Christmas deccations from the Druids, or ancient Sritish priests, who, in Pagan times, used to decorate their temples with them at the great mid-winter festival. 4. Most improper. Let her attend to her studies and household duties, and banish all such notions for at least a couple of years. 5. The causes are various, but plenty of exercise in the open air, simple food, and a little atternative medicine wilkgenerally get rid of them.

6. You had better have it re-covered; you could not dye it yourself.

it yourself.

"MOLLY."—1. It depends upon what the stains are, Ordinary grease stains may be taken out with Fuller's earth made into a thick paste with water, and laid on the spots for a day or two, or until it gets quite dry, when it may be brushed off. An old stain will require more than one application. A good general reviver for a carpet is to take a pail of old water, and add to it three gills of ox-gall. Rub it into the carpet with a soft brush. It will raise a lather, which must be rubbed off with clear, cold water. Rub dry with a clean cloth. 2. Give him some little article made by yourself; or, if you buy anything, study his tastes, and think of something which he seems to be in need of. 9. Princess robes would be suitable. 4. Writing very moderate. 5. Only ordinary words of pleasure at meeting.

FANNIE B.—I. It seems to us that he has been

5. Only ordinary words of pleasure at meeting.

Fannie B.—I. It seems to us that he has been "making a fool of you," as you call it, all along, and the less you have to do with him the better; by no means write to him again. Bitreet sequantances are seldom desirable. If he cared for you he would ask you to marry him in a manly, straightforward manner, and speak to your mother. 2. Perhaps you are a flirt, and two easily led away by flattery. 3. It is not right, and very fast to speak to a gentleman in the street. A girl should never endanger her modesty or sense of self-respect. A No; nor anyone slee. You seems to wantto do the courting as well as be courted. 3. The name would not be found. 6. Use your own common sense, and judge people by their actions, not by their words. 7. Once a day is enough. Prepared chalk is the best dentififice. 3. Three or four times is enough, in all conscience. All that "alcohing" cannot do the skin any good. 9. See answer to "Little Fluffy." 10. By being a little less fond of admiration. 11. Yes. 12 We really do not know. 13. Don't laugh too much. You cannot prevent it.

E. E. H.—A good surgeon can remove the wan pain-lessly, quickly, and permanently. Any other treatment may destroy the hair, and is not likely to reduce the

C. H. T.—Leaves turn brown in the autumn, because when their power of decomposing the air declines, the oxygen absorbed in the carbonic acid gas lodges in the leaf, imparting to it a red or brown colour.

F. D.—Boitles of hot water, used as feet-ware wrapped in fiannel, because the fiannel, becomductor, allows the heat to pass only gently fibtile, and preserves the warmth for a much time.

G. G. M.—This girl has evidently measured you correctly as an impertinent concomb, and, in our judgment, treated you exactly as you deserved. It would be well if there were planty more of such high-spirited

R G W.—I. Sculpture is said to have been begun by the Egyptians, but in the hands of the Greek it was bought to a marvellous degree of perfect in 2. The chief masterpieces of the art are to be found in Italy.

E. H. J.—You do not seem to have any good grounds for your fears, and all you can do is to make known to the young lady, and to her parents, anything you know certainly about the travelling agont, which should lead good people to be on their guard against him.

L. W .- 1. Fresh water is sometimes frozen in pine L. w.-1. Fresh water is sometimes frozen in pipes submerged in salt water, because a lower temporature is required to freeze salt water than fresh. Sea water will not freeze at 28 degrees F. but fresh water freezes at 23 degrees F. Honoe salt water outside the pipe may remain liquid while fresh water is frozen. 2. The dog

never perspires.

Little Flueser.—We cannot compliment you on your nom de plume. Squeeze out the blackheads, and bathe with dilute spirits of wine. Nothing will give you a clear complexion if nature has denied you the attraction. But, to make the best of what you have, avoid worrying, take plenty of out-door exercise, and live simply. Above all, do not use any "creams" or commettes or face powders. They will, in time, utterly ruin it.

SEE! yonder shines the moon' pale allver creat
O'er the decline of the Old Year's last day;
Meekly it beams, as beekoning to rest
The hours that hurry on their dying way.
Ah! from those hours sounds a truthful voice,
The future is the burden of its strain—
"The New Year comes, in which thou may'st rejoice,
If my past teaching haw not been in vain.
Dreamer of love! thy far-off sky is clear—
And clear for thee eternal mercy flows;
Draamer of sorrow! should thy lot seem drear,
What thou can'st bear, the God of comfort knows.
A year is taken from thy span of life;
It passed—as all pass—full of hopes and fears;
It may have been thy last of mental strife,
And this New Year may lead where joy lives endleas years!"

less years!

Chev.—1. Box is the nom de plame of the late Charles Dickens; Oulds of Miss Louise de la Ramés, Mark Twain of Samuel L. Clemens, Owen Mercitith of Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton, Earl of Lytton. 2. The eldest poems in existence are probably the oldest poetical parts of the Bible. 3. The trial of Queen Caroline and that of the Tichborne claimant might rank as the first two. There would be much difference of opinion as to the trial entitled to the third place.

J. J. D.—To make blanc-mange, mix two tablespoonful of arrowroot with a little cold milk to the consistency of a cream, which stir into one quart of noiling milk, and flavour with either lemon or vanilla, and sweeten to tate. Lot it boil, and continue stirring until it is quite thick and smooth; then rines a dish or mould with cold water, pour in the mixture, and set it away to get cold. Then eat it with thick cream and sugar, and, if approved, flavoured with a little wine.

sugar, and, if approved, flavoured with a little wine.

Jane Emma.—You seem to be in an unfortunate state
of mind, and if you allow yourself to be carried away by
your feelings of spite and resentment, you may do
something which you would very much regret. You
should try to take an intellectual view of the matter,
and act from sound judgment. If you do not love the
young man you should let him go at once and for ever.
He has shown himself to be fickle and disloyal, and that
should prit you on your guard against him. You may in
the end find that his desertion of you was a blessing in
diaguise.

disguise.

J. C. S.—1. For blotches on the face use camphor spirit, or diluted can de Cologne water, dabbed on the spot after washing, twice or thrice a day. For severely chapped hands or face, the oxide of sinc ointment or camphor cerate is well suited. These applications should be briskly rubbed into the part with the finger or the palm of the hand, so as to reach the bottom of the cracks, and then be wiped off with a dry towel, in order to leave un trace of grease on the skin. This process should be repeated at bedtime before the fire and after each washing, and the rubbing should be continued, provided it does not cause bleeding, until the chapped skin is warm. Z. Tell your friend that an application to the judge of a county court would be useless; far better respectfully apply to her late mistress who could not refuse.

DORA —The word "applique" is pronounced as though spelt appleskay. It means having a pattern which has been cut out and transferred from another foundation, as a kind of lace.

Tom A.—I. Perhaps she has failed to receive your letter. It would be better to satisfy yourself of the fact of its receipt before judging her too harshly. 2. Very good for one who has had no opportunity of receiving instructions.

EDWARD.—In strict eliquette it is the part of the lady to bow first, and if you take the initiative you run the risk of a anub. Sometisses, however, a little courage in such matters is highly appreciated, and your own common sense must guide you.

DICK DARE.—The girl evidently cares a great deal for you. If you should tell her how much you love her, and ask her to be your wife, it is probable that an agreeable change would take place in her conduct towards you. "Faint heart never won fair lady."

SCHEERE.—There is no universal remedy for dys-pepsis such as yours. Many have found pepsine powders very beneficial, but you must not rely on any medicine exclusively. Exercise and temperance in esting form usually the best treatment. Do not be tempted to try whisky, either plain or disguised as bitters.

F. H. G.—Listen to the old gentleman's arguments respectfully, acknowledge their soundness, and ask him for advice as to the best mode for you to get a knowledge of business. He could probably give you a situation in his own establishment. It would do you good to devote yourself to his business for a few

L. D. A.—To make turnovers, take a pound and a-quarter of flour and one pound of butter, and make a paste of the two materials. Roll the paste out five times, the last being very thin, and cut it the length of one finger, and the width of three. Put in a small quantity of preserves; turn them over, and fasten the paste; bake in a quick oven, and sprinkle with powdered

sugar.

R. C.—To dry citron in imitation of the foreign fruit, select some of the finest pieces and spread them on a dish; then set them for three days in the sun, turning each piece several times a day. Then make a hole near the end of each piece; run a string through them, and hang them on lines across an open, sunny window. When sufficiently dry, put them into tight jars or boxes, and keep them for use.

and keep shom for use.

C. C. C.—Count the number of semitones between the natural key and the key in which you wish to reduce the piece of music, and lower each note of the piece the same number of semitones. It will have to be understood that on the piano the interval between a white and black key is counted a semitume, and in the case of B and O, E and F, the interval between those white keys is a semitone.

Reys is a semitone.

T. S. W.—1. There are many ladies holding positions as telegraph clorks, as book-keepers in all the large cities and towns of this country, and doubties there is room for more. To learn either business properly it will be necessary to place yourself under the instruction of someone possessing a thorough knowledge of the subject, as there are many little necessary technicalities that are not set down in the so-called "self-instructors." 2. The enclosed look of hair is of a decided golden-yellow, or what is commonly known as "blonde."

Toung Wiff.—To make vanilla sponge cake, take the whites only of twelve eggs (reserving the yolks for some other purpose), and beat the whites to a stiff froth. Then beat in a pound of powdered loaf sugar, and a tablespoonful of vanilla syrup, so as to flavour it highly. Stir the whole well together, and, at the last, stir in, alowly and lightly, a quarter of a pound of sitted flour. Transfer the mixture to a square pan, greased with freah butter. Sift powdered sugar over the top; set it directly in a quick oven, and bake it well. When cold, ice it, flavouring the icing with a little vanilla syrup.

ing the icing with a little vanilla syrup.

L. S. T.—To make asphalte for walks, take two parts of very dry lime rubbish, and one part of coal ashes, also very dry, and also sifted fine. In a dry place, on a dry day, mix them, and leave a hole in the middle of the heap, as bricklayers do when mixing mortar. Into this pour boiling hot coal tar; mix, and when as stiff as mortar, put it three inches thick where the walk is to be. The ground should be dry, and beaten smooth. Sprinkle over it coarse sand. When cold, pass a light roller over it. In a few days the walk, if these directions be strictly followed, will be solid and water proof.

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